

"The Crossroads of Goodness."

**LILLIAN RUSSELL**  
**5¢ CIGAR**

HAND MADE NOT MADE IN A MOULD

GOOD VALUE  
GOOD SMOKE

**DAIRY DAINTIES.**  
**BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS.**

CHOICE CHEAPNESS FOR CLEVER CHOOSERS.

**Why Our Prices Please the Prudent.**

WE BUY FOR 15 DIFFERENT STORES. ALL UNDER OUR MANAGEMENT. WE MAKE IMMENSE PURCHASES. WE SELL VERY LARGE QUANTITIES. WE ASK A VERY SMALL PROFIT. RETAIL PURCHASERS GET THE BENEFIT OF OUR BIG BUYING. WE KEEP NOTHING BUT THE BEST.

We make prices that keep business.  
We keep qualities that make friends.  
We would like you for one of these friends.

**AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,**  
35 CONGRESS ST., PORTSMOUTH.

OTHER STORES:

|            |           |         |             |           |
|------------|-----------|---------|-------------|-----------|
| Boston     | Fitchburg | Everett | Gloucester  | Westfield |
| Leominster | Quincy    | Clinton | Newburyport | Woburn    |
| Attleboro  | Dover     | Nashua  | Northampton |           |

**Henry Peyser & Son**

Offer for the Spring Season a Complete Stock of all the New and Stylish Fabrics in MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHES.

Parents are especially invited to visit the enlarged and refitted Children's Dept.

**LAWN GRASS**

**-SEED-**

SPECIAL MIXTURE.

**A. P. WENDELL & CO.,**  
2 MARKET SQUARE.

This signature is on every box of the genuine  
**Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**  
the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

*E. H. Brown*

## AGAINST TRUST.

Attorney General Knox Vs Beef Combine.

Bill Of Injunction Is To Be Framed.

District Attorney Instructed To File It In Circuit Court.

Washington, April 24.—Attorney General Knox today made a statement regarding the so-called "beef trust," in which he says that from reports submitted to him, he is satisfied that sufficient evidence is in hand upon which a bill of equity can be framed to restrain the combination mentioned from further proceedings under their agreement, which clearly appears to tend toward a restraint of interstate trade. Therefore, he has directed the district attorney at Chicago to prepare a bill for an injunction against the corporation mentioned and personal parties to the combination, to be filed with the United States circuit court of the northern district of Illinois.

## BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

### National League.

Pittsburg 3, Chicago 5; at Pittsburg, Philadelphia 6, Brooklyn 16; at Philadelphia.

New York 4, Boston 8; at New York, Cincinnati 9, St. Louis 2; at Cincinnati.

### American League.

Baltimore 6, Philadelphia 2; at Baltimore.

Washington 3, Boston 11; at Washington.

Chicago 6, Detroit 5; at Chicago.

St. Louis 4, Cleveland 2; at St. Louis.

## TUGBOAT BLEW UP.

New York, April 24.—The boilers on the tugboat John Anson were blown up as the tug lay in Newtown Creek, Long Island, early today. One man was killed and three others were badly hurt. The body of John Donnelly, a fireman, who was killed, was blown fifty yards from where the tug was moored. The injured men are James Cunningham, a fireman; John Kennedy, a cook, and Andrew Moran, a watchman, all of whom were badly shaken up by the explosion and scalded by escaping steam. Nearly every window in the Chelsea jute mills, which are near the scene of the explosion, was broken, and in some cases the window frames were thrown to the ground.

## BIG DOCK FOR NEW YORK.

New York, April 24.—Plans are being prepared by the yards and docks bureau of the navy indicate that one of the largest dry docks in the United States will be built at the local navy yard. It will cost about \$1,000,000 and will be built entirely of concrete. When finished it will be of sufficient size to accommodate the largest battleships or any the navy department may build in the near future. It will be 600 feet long by 90 feet wide at the bottom, with a clearance of 31 feet of water over the sill of the dock.

## NICE WIFE, FOLEY'S.

English, Ind., April 24.—Cruel and inhuman treatment will be the plea of Thomas Foley for divorce. His wife admits that she tied his hands and feet while he was drunk and applied salt to his hands, face and clothing, that the cattle in the field where he lay helpless might lick him to death, as a revenge for a beating she received during a drunken orgy. Foley's skin was raw in many places and his clothing torn to shreds.

## CHAPLAIN RESIGNS.

Boston, April 24.—Chaplain Frederick C. Brown, U. S. N., has forwarded to the secretary of the navy a notice of his desire to resign his office, to take effect June 1. Chaplain Brown is to become pastor of the Church of Our Father, one of the most important Unitarian churches in the country.

## ALL RELEASED.

Salonica, Roumania, April 24.—All the suspects arrested in connection with the kidnapping of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, have been released.

## ASSEMBLES TODAY.

Manila, April 24.—The court martial appointed to try Gen. Jacob H. Smith on charges of conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline will assemble tomorrow.

## GAY MISS HAT.

Portsmouth Girl Lost A Watch In Boston.

Miss Wheeler Forgot The Beer Rushed In The Cans.

Dora Adams and Her Husband, Who Had Been Hauled Into Court, Were Discharged by Judge Dewey—Said They Knew Nothing About Jewelry.

The Boston Globe of Thursday evening has the following fairy tale of two Portsmouth girls and their experience in the "wicked hub of the universe":

Dora Adams, the attractive brunette, who drank carbolic acid when a patrolman of the East Dedham street station called at her room at 48 Dover street and placed both herself and husband, Edward, under arrest, on suspicion of larceny, was discharged from the City hospital this morning and taken to the house of detention. At 12:30 she and her husband were arraigned before Judge Dewey and tried. The trial was an interesting one and ended in both the prisoners being discharged. Judge Dewey held the court open until 1:30, in order to dispose of the case today.

The complainant in the case is Louisa M. Hat of Portsmouth, N. H., who is in Boston on a brief visit. She is at present and has been stopping in a lodging house on Dwight street. May Wheeler, also from Portsmouth, N. H., on a sight seeing trip, is stopping with her. Both women are bright and vivacious and attractive. They made excellent witnesses and amused both the judge and the auditors with their answers to pointed questions.

In brief, the complainant said that she was going to return to Portsmouth yesterday at five, and thought before going she would like to make a pleasant day for a few of her friends before she went. In accordance with her desire she had some liquors sent to her room and invited two "gentlemen friends" and her brother, who lives in Brooklyn, to spend the afternoon with her.

About 11 Mr. and Mrs. Adams dropped into the room. Miss Wheeler had known them in a restaurant where she took her meals, and according to them they were in vited by Miss Wheeler, but Miss Hat said she did not know they were coming.

Anyway, the party was a pleasant one, and from 11 to 2 there was a merry time.

At 2 all, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Miss Hat's brother, who had gone away, went to Woodcock's hotel for dinner. When the quartet returned they brought dinner back for Mrs. Adams.

Both Miss Hat and Miss Wheeler testified that before going out to dinner they had seen a watch, bracelet and chain belonging to Miss Hat in the top bureau drawer, and also of having seen it there on their return. Ten minutes or so after returning Mr. and Mrs. Adams left "in a hurry," as Miss Hat expressed it. A half hour later Miss Hat and Miss Wheeler started to pack their trunks and found the jewelry missing from the drawer. Drawing the conclusion that the Adamses had taken it, they went to their room on Dover street. Both were out. They then went looking for policemen, to whom they made a complaint. The officer waited at the house until 9:30 last night, when Mr. and Mrs. Adams came home. The officer testified that both were intoxicated. When he told them that he was going to lock them up, Mrs. Adams took a bottle from the shelf and drank from it. The husband tore the bottle from her hands and threw it from the window. Later it was learned that the bottle contained carbolic acid, and Mrs. Adams was sent to the hospital.

Judge Dewey spent considerable time in trying to find out just how much beer had been drunk. Miss Hat first stated that she "guessed they had a bottle or two," but before she got through the cross-examination admitted that a dozen bottles had been drunk and the "can had been rushed."

Miss Wheeler was very pert in her manner and this caused the judge to question her rather pointedly. Some of her answers were "that's what I said" and "why certainly." The judge is pretty sharp in his cross-examinations and when he gets a witness who talks he keeps up his line of questioning. In her first answers she said that

they had beer, but it was all in bottles and not in cans, and the judge asked her if she didn't recall Miss Hat said that the can had been used. The witness had been pretty well worked up and tears came into her eyes when the judge cornered her in the examination.

Seeing how disturbed she was, the judge, with a good deal of feeling in his voice, said: "I didn't intend to make it unpleasant for you. Your testimony tends to convict these persons. What I want to get at is fact. You may sit down a moment if you like."

Encouraged by the judge's kind words, she brushed away the tears, shrugged her shoulders, and remained on the witness stand. The judge passed from the beer subject, and when she had fully recovered her composure he asked:

"So you have been here a week, too?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Had a good time?"

"Yes, we always have a good time."

"Well, now that you are feeling better, let's return to that can. Did you have any beer in a can?"

"Yes, and I wish I had some now; I need it."

This last answer was given with a merry burst of laughter, which brought a smile to the face of the judge and amusement from those in the courtroom.

The judge examined the prisoners. Their testimony was to the effect that a good deal of liquor was drunk, and that they (the Adamses) were intoxicated. If they stole anything they said they did not know it.

The judge asked the arresting officer if the lost property had not been found, and the answer was in the negative. The judge said that, with the property still missing, and no other evidence to fasten the theft on the prisoners, he did not feel justified in convicting them.

In announcing his finding to the prisoners he said: "On finding you not guilty you understand that you cannot again be prosecuted on the charge of stealing these articles of jewelry, but you should be dropped into your pocket or you should find them there it would be no crime to return them to the owner."

He also ordered their release on the charge of intoxication.

## SUPERIOR COURT.

Exeter, April 24.—The suit of Ida O. Smith of Rochester vs. the Boston & Maine, which has been going on in superior court for two days, went to the jury this afternoon about 4:30 o'clock.

The defense closed its case this noon, its witnesses comprising railroad men and physicians who had been called upon to examine the plaintiff. This afternoon the closing arguments were delivered by J. S. H. Frink for the railroad and E. L. Guptill for the plaintiff.

## BIG FIRE AT DOVER POINT.

At seven o'clock on Thursday evening a fierce forest fire started at Dover Point in the woods owned by the Fluke Brick company. Word was telephoned to Dover and a steamer and supply wagon was sent to the scene. After two hours of hard work the firemen got the fire under control. About twenty acres of wood land was burned over and the damage was considerable.

## FLORIDA AND CUBA.

The fast vestibuled, electric-lighted train service to the southern resorts, operated by the Plant system and connections, is unexcelled. Literature upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Plant System at No. 290 Broadway, New York.

## TEST THE PLAN HERE.

Battleship Should Be Built At This Yard.

Many Reasons Why Secretary Of Navy Should So Order.

Maine And New Hampshire Congressmen Will Strive For It.

A time of great opportunity seems to have come to the Portsmouth navy yard—one of the greatest in its history. The house committee on naval affairs has made it obligatory that one of the new battleships or armored cruisers that have just been provided for shall be built in a government navy yard. This was effected through amending the naval appropriation bill just framed.

This test of the capacity of government plants for such work ought to be made here at this yard.

We have the deepest water right off this station of any port on the whole Atlantic coast. None other can approach it at all in this very important respect.

We are far removed from the political hotbeds of New York and Philadelphia. The work would be prosecuted here in peace—without hindering friction.

We have the mechanics—hundreds of them—here on the ground and available close by, thoroughly fitted for the task.

We have the superb record of Revolutionary days, when the smartest ships-of-the-line were constructed here and went forth to glorious conquest on the high seas against the best warships that Britain could produce. What was done then can be done now—even more.

We have well toward completion the only government dry dock really capable of taking in a monster battleship with certain safety. It will be of solid granite and immense size.

The Maine and New Hampshire delegations in congress will undoubtedly make strenuous efforts to have this yard selected. They have the strongest reasons to put forth in support of their claims.

It is the secretary of the navy with whom rests the authority of choice. We advise him to carefully and thoroughly ponder the manifold merits of the yard across the Piscataqua before deciding the matter. The government plants at Norfolk and New York have practically proven failures in carrying out contracts of construction. The Portsmouth yard has as yet had no chance to show what it can do in building a big war ship. It implores that chance.

The first proud Yankee frigate was built here—the first of that heroic navy of olden days. It proved staunch to the bottom beam. Our mechanics are just as capable now. They are eager for a chance to duplicate the triumphs of yore.

But a comparatively small sum is needed to raise the equipment of this yard to a high standard of efficiency for the work. All the natural superiorities are ours. Along this line, we challenge the world.

Build that first battleship here. We are confident that such action would never be regretted. All the friends of the Portsmouth yard are duty-bound to bend every energy to make the secretary of the navy see it in this light.

## SPORTING GOSSIP.

The show horses of the Lawson stable that were at the Boston show last week have been shipped back to Granite State park which does not look very much as if the stable was to be shipped away from there right away.

Daniel Mahaney and Hiram Tozier of the Maplewood stock farm of Portsmouth have been to Granite State park this week looking over things. They expect to ship a string of sixteen horses there next week to begin their early work for the season's races. Driver Tozier thinks that he has got some pretty slick goods among the youngsters that he has in his string.

Five drivers are busy at the Granite State park working the horses in the Lawson stable getting them in shape for fast work as soon as the weather becomes suitable for brushing them.

Itching hemorrhoids were the plague of my life. Was almost wild. Doan's Ointment cured me quickly and permanently, after doctors had failed." C. F. Cornwell, Valley Street, Saugerties, N. Y.

## THE FIREMEN CALLED OUT.

Stubborn Afternoon Blaze In Greenleaf Building.

The Total Loss On Property Will Probably Exceed One Thou and Dollars.

Looked At One Time As If Adjoining Houses Would Go Up.

A stubborn fire gutted one-half of the wooden structure at Church and State streets, right in the rear of the government building, on Thursday afternoon, and caused a property loss of probably more than \$1,000. The building is owned by Gardner J. Greenleaf. He values it at \$1,500. There is no insurance on it.

The tenants are Mr. Greenleaf, carriage builder and blacksmith; Pettigrew and Cox, painters; Charles A. Hoyt, painter; and William G. Wiggins, proprietor of the Central Steam laundry, which fronts on State street.

The firemen succeeded by hard work in confining the fire to the rear part of the building, but the Plaisted house on Porter street, directly behind, was blistered and had a close call from destruction.

The alarm was sounded from Box 58 about half past five o'clock. The explosion of an oil stove in the shop of Mr. Hoyt, in the extreme rear and upstairs, was responsible for it. Mr. Hoyt was painfully burned about the face by the explosion, as he was very near the stove at the time.

Before the first line of hose had been laid and a stream turned on, the flames were bursting out through the rear windows and threatening to reach across the narrow court to the Plaisted house. Mr. Greenleaf went in where the fire was and narrowly escaped being overcome by the smoke. It was only with difficulty that the firemen got him out and led him down to the ground.

Fred Rand of Col. Sise company, No. 2, twisted one of his ankles very severely by slipping on wet hose.

Several of the veteran firemen got out a line of hose, hitched it to a hydrant and gave the department good assistance.

Sagamore company, No. 1, made a fine rapid-transit record in covering the mile between their house at the Creek and the scene of the fire, arriving early enough to be of good service.

At one time it looked as if the row of wooden structures extending from the Greenleaf building along State street to Fleet might catch fire, for the smoke began to come out under the eaves over the laundry. The hosemen fairly deluged the building with water, however, and stopped the flames from spreading to the adjoining property.

The drying room of the laundry is separated from Mr. Hoyt's shop by just a thin wooden partition and through this the smoke worked in thick black clouds, doing great damage to a lot of clothes that had been through the suits.

Mr. Hoyt estimates his loss at fully four hundred dollars. Mr. Greenleaf had a large quantity of gear in his shop, which was badly damaged and considerable of it ruined. Several policemen were early on the ground and industriously worked to keep the hundreds of people in the crowd from bothering the firemen. The recall was sounded a few minutes after six o'clock.

## ON THE DIAMOND.

Walter Woods is home for a few days.

Dartmouth has not met expectations in the preliminary games.

Ira Newick could not come to Portsmouth with the Dartmouth Mandolin and Glee clubs owing to his connection with the varsity team.

Judging from the names of some of his men, Manager John Smith of Manchester has started a congress of nations up there.

The Maplewoods have not been able to secure a game for Saturday.

The Marines played a picked team from this city and Kittery Thursday afternoon, on the navy yard diamond, and won, twelve to ten. Bunker and Smart, for the picked team, and Poole and Feeney, for the Marines, divided the laurels for all-around work. The batteries for the losing team were Bean and Paul, pitchers, Paul and Smart catchers; while in the points for the Marines were Dowd and Poole.

Another game is being arranged for an early date, which will furnish fun for the players on both sides of the river.

The members of the Pittsburg base ball team have made up a pool of \$10,000 to wager that they will win the National league pennant this season. This action was provoked by a reported announcement by Frank DeHaas Robinson of St. Louis that he would put up \$10,000 against Fitchburg winning the flag.

## THE HOPKINS LAUNCHED.

Wilmington, Del., Apr. 24.—The torpedo boat destroyer Hopkins was launched this afternoon at the yards of the Harlan and Hollingsworth company. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Alice Gould Hawes of Washington.



## THE SHRIMP DANCE.

A QUEER TRADE THAT FLOURISHES ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

It is monopolized by Chinamen, who supply their Mother Country with the Pink Tinted Delicacy—Their Odd Methods of Working.

"Shrimps, shrimps," is a familiar cry in San Francisco, itinerant traders having stands where these pink, many legged creatures are sold as peanuts are retailed elsewhere. The shrimp merchants are generally Portuguese or Italians, who by temptingly displaying their wares have created a demand for the succulent morsels.

The capture of the shrimps constitutes an important industry around San Francisco, and an investigation made by a curious American some time ago showed that the fisheries were in the hands of the Chinese, who were engaged in supplying the Canton and other Chinese markets with shrimps.

The Chinese shrimpers, or shrimp dancers, as they are called, constitute a colony by themselves, and in the main represent as low a type of aliens as can be found on American shores. One might sail around the harbor of San Francisco for days and not see them, as their camps are concealed in certain out of the way nooks for reasons best known to themselves.

At one point, where the hills dip down to the sea, a settlement was found. Here were a number of shanties of the poorest description, and leading out from the beach several small wharfs, to which were anchored nondescript fishing boats. Leading up from the shanties were two squares of parallelograms about 30 by 300 feet, which were perfectly distinct from the rest of the soil and a delicate pink color.

On this strange flooring were a score of Chinamen, gravely hopping about in what was apparently a dance. They held their arms close to their sides, hopping now on one foot, again leaping into the air, moving forward in a direct line some following the sides, others crossing, in all presenting to the observers a ludicrous appearance. Yet the contrast of the blue blouses of the dancers and the delicate pink of the floor was not inartistic.

Coming out of the bush and walking down the hill, the ground was found to be covered with pink shrimps. There were hundreds of them, drying in the sun, while with them were many young fishes.

The dancers were stamping on the shrimps to crush the shells. They did not rest, at the visit in words, but their looks suggested that the visitors were not welcome. The shanties were squatted in the extreme, containing rude bunks about which were hung the skins of the fishermen, from which a peculiar odor rose and mingled with that of stale opium and old fish. In the corner of one of the shanties was a pagan temple, with some attempts at the splendors one sees in San Francisco. An odor of punk filled the air, and a Chinaman was rearranging the sandals, while another prostrated himself before the shrine. This was the abode of the fishermen's god, and before they went out to break the American law the shrimpers invoked this god to bring them good luck.

In taking shrimps the fishermen use various nets—sturgeon trawls, fyke nets, bag nets and others of fine mesh. The bag net is about 40 feet long—a huge cone with an opening 20 feet wide, grading down to a point. Near the mouth is a two inch mesh. Following this for 10 or 12 feet, it is reduced to one inch, while the bag has a mesh of but one-quarter to half an inch. These traps are set between poles on the flats and cover the bottom, catching every shrimp and fish that appears. The nets are set mainly at night, often being hauled between midnight and sunrise.

The shrimps are brought in in large numbers, rolled in baskets and the following morning placed in vats of boiling water. In ten minutes they have assumed the delicate shrimp color. They are then taken out and placed on the level colored spots and spread with brooms. Here they bake or dry for five or six days, after which the men with the wooden shoes begin what has been referred to as the shrimp dance. The shoes are so heavy that the wearers cannot move with much agility, so a curious shuffle and jumping up and down is the result—a dance which, if seen, might find place on the melodramatic stage.

The object of the shrimp dance, as has been described, is to pulverize the crustaceans, and pestles and hammers are also used to loosen the meat. From here they go to the basket shakers, who, by placing the crushed shrimps in baskets, a quart at a time, dislodge them from the shells. Some use a machine which winnows out the shells, the meat and the shells being shipped to China. The shells are used as a fertilizer about tea plants. The Chinese in China depend entirely on the San Francisco market for them, and a decade or so ago the amount of the yearly shipment was 700,000 pounds of shrimp meat, valued at \$70,000, and nearly 4,000,000 pounds of shells, valued at about \$40,000—San Francisco Letter.

### Doors in Mexico.

Heavy, single doors, such as are used in the United States, are practically unknown in Mexican houses, either at entrances or between interior rooms. All doors open in the middle and are fastened with bolts top and bottom. Exterior doors are always fitted with glass panels, for they also serve as windows. All such doors opening on the street or open court are fitted with solid shutters that are folded at the sides out of sight when not in use.

## LOBSTERS ARE NOT FOOLS.

They Are Wonderfully Intelligent and Do Surprising Things.

"The lobster may be a cannibal, but he is no fool," said L. B. Spencer, who has a more intimate acquaintance with lobsters than any other man at the aquarium. Colonel James E. Jones, superintendent of small parks, who has the aquarium among his charges, concurred in the sentiment.

"Where the notion originated that lobsters don't know enough to get out of their own way is more than I can tell, but it did not originate with men who had experience with lobsters. The lobster is really clever.

"Of course he does not look like it on the fish stand, where he lies all curled up, but any one who ever saw a lobster getting out of his shell and taking refuge in his house in the shelter of a rock would know that he has a mind. After he sheds his shell he knows he is fair game for anything that has claws and jaws, so he goes into retirement. He does not come out till he has grown a complete new shell. The lobster only changes his shell when he is growing. After he stops growing he gets along with the old one. He may grow to be any size from 2 pounds up to 30.

"When he is ready to get out of his shell, he splits his armor across the back at the first joint of the carapace. That does not require cleverness so much as main strength, but what does require cleverness is to extract the flesh from the small limbs and from the claws; also to draw his eyes and the stems on which they are mounted back from the bony eye case and stems of the cast off armor. And the lobster does all this perfectly. When he leaves his shell behind and steps out in his underclothes, he is perfect. If he had lost a claw or a feeler, he emerges minus claw or feeler, but is ready to make up by growing another. As to the stomach, he turns that inside out and gets a new lining on it.

"In the water the lobster is as graceful as any fish that swims. In sudden alarm he gives one flit of his tail and shoots from 20 to 30 feet backward. He hits the mark unerringly—generally some hole in the rocks. A shadow on the water will make him vanish. His extraordinary eyes have been spoken of. They are mounted on long stems, and he can protrude them or draw them in. He can look backward or forward with them. They are as powerful in proportion as the searchlights of a man-of-war.

"The lobster is a cannibal, but he is made so by his environment. Cannibalism is practiced by the most respectable fish and crustaceans, and the lobster observes the fashion. If he sees another lobster in his pyramas after shedding his shell, he goes after him. But he will be contented if he eats a couple of legs, which the other fellow can grow again with slight inconvenience.

"The lofty mentality of the lobster is further proved by the strength of his emotions. This is shown in love, war and the chase. The domestic affairs of the male lobster occupy but a small portion of his time, but the female lobster goes into the business of raising a family with energy. Some times she lays as many as 15,000 or 20,000 eggs. After the brood has hatched she conveys the young lobsters about until they can look out for themselves.

"Lobsters have fierce duels with each other, in which they shed injured parts in order to stop the bleeding from them. They are good fighters for their size."

—Exchange.

### Prophet and Statesman.

If Isaiah had been simply a statesman, he would probably have left no permanent influence on the world's history, but he was a prophet as well as a statesman. A prophet is one who sees great principles and knows how to make other men see them. A statesman is one who understands great events and knows how to guide a nation through the mazes and perplexities of his time. Now and again in human history a man is found who is both prophet and statesman. Such combinations are rare.

Abraham Lincoln was both statesman and prophet. By his Cooper Union address, by his first inaugural, by his second inaugural, by his Gettysburg speech, by many addresses and utterances of lesser note, he stirred the heart of this nation as perhaps no other man in public life stirred it, and at the same time, with a firm hand and a clear eye, he steered the nation through a difficult and tortuous passage. Isaiah, in this respect like Abraham Lincoln, was both statesman and prophet, with clear vision of great principles and wise practical judgment of national affairs.—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott in Outlook.

### The Flight of Locusts.

Carruthers, in Nature, estimates a great flight of locusts that passed over the steamship Golconda when off the Great Hawaiian Islands, in the Red sea, in November, 1889, at over 2,000 square miles in extent. The number of insects he calculates to have been 24,420,000,000,000 and the weight of the mass 42,580,000,000 tons, each locust weighing one-sixteenth of an ounce, and a ship of 6,000 tons burden, he adds, must have made 7,000,000 voyages to carry this great host, even if packed together 111 times more closely than they were flying. Another, apparently a stronger flight, was seen going in the same direction next day.

According to official accounts of locusts in Cyprus, no fewer than 1,000,000,000 egg cases were collected and made away with in 1881, up to the end of October, and by the end of the season the weight of the eggs collected and destroyed amounted to over 1,300 tons. In 1949 locusts devastated the island of Tenerife. On the way over (from Africa) they alighted on the water in a heap as big as the largest ship.—Bader's "True Tales of Insects."

## THEY AMAZED GRANT

HIS RECEPTIONS IN THE NORTH AFTER THE CIVIL WAR.

The General, as a Rule, Appeared Unresponsive to the Plaudits of the People, but There Were Times When His Feelings Overcame Him.

"At the close of the civil war," said the old major, "the country was full of hero worshipers, and there were heroes by the hundred worthy of worship. Grant was the first of the great generals to pass through the Union states after the close of the war, and the greeting to him was like an uprising of the nation. The hearts of men and women were filled with thankfulness, and the multitudes that gathered about Grant seemed intent on taking the most popular man of the time in their arms. There were mothers by the thousand who had lost sons, wives who had lost husbands, children who had lost fathers and old soldiers who had served with him, all turning with the wildest demonstrations of affection and pride toward Grant.

"Up to that time no such crowds had ever been seen in this country. Controlled by strong emotion, they were not easily managed. Grant, never a showy man, stood before these great aggregations of demonstrative humanity amazed—almost abashed—by the manifestations of affection and devotion. The fact that the people stood in awe of the commanding general of all the armies restrained the great crowds when the guards were powerless. There was nothing in Grant's manner or look or conduct on such occasions to invite enthusiastic demonstration. He seemed rather to discourage it. So far as his appearance went, he was unresponsive.

"When the enthusiasm lagged in a tumult about him, when men cheered, when women held out their arms and called his name, when children screamed in delight, he looked down on all with an almost distressed expression on his face, with an occasional look behind him as though he contemplated running away. His silent protest against making so much of himself, the absence of all dramatic or showy qualities in his make up or his conduct, took him closer and closer to the hearts of the people. In those times he never said a word except 'Thank you.' When the people howled for a speech, he shook his head. When they shouted at him the most extravagant utterances of praise, he simply looked at them in amazement. But he was not unresponsive. He was simply a modest man, saying in effect to the people, 'I am not worth it.'

"There were times when the crowd broke through the line of major generals and brigadier generals and colonels about Grant and got hold of him. On one occasion, after shaking hands with thousands of people, the committee interfered, and the general stepped back a few paces so that the people, moving by in solid columns, would understand that he was not to shake hands. As he stood there, with his hands in his pockets, a little girl slipped through the guard of honor about him, went up to him in an awe-stricken, childish way, took one hand out of his pocket, kissed it and put it back. She was going away as quietly as she had come when the general, with a trembling of the lips, caught her up in his arms and kissed her. Then the crowd poured over the guard and on to him, and for ten minutes the people had their way.

"Another time, when school children were passing in a long procession, the committee, as an act of courtesy to the general, had him retire beyond the reach of the little hands held out to him, and men who had commanded divisions in the army said bravely to the children, 'You can't shake hands with the general. He is tired.' But as the high school girls came through one little miss took off her glove, and, looking straight into the general's eyes, held out her hand.

"Looking into the girl's eyes, he understood the look, and, in answer to the pleading, the general stepped down and took her hand. Instantly, with screams of delight, the girls were upon him, and the guard of generals retired, admitting their defeat. This does not mean that the girls kissed the general; they simply caught his hand, touched his shoulder straps, reached forward in ecstatic delight to put their hands on his head, and then they went away satisfied.

"When Grant and Farragut came through the country with President Johnson and his cabinet, the general and the admiral were the centers of interest. On one occasion Farragut, walking through the rotunda of the state capital at Columbus, was stopped by a group of women. One of them asked, 'Are you Mr. Seward?' Farragut, with a twinkle in his eyes, said quickly, 'Oh, no; I am a much handsomer man than Seward. My name is Farragut.' The elderly woman took his hand in both hers and said simply, 'I am so glad of this. I want my little daughter to shake hands with you.' The girl came up as though she were approaching a saint, and Farragut stooped and said, 'She shall not only shake hands, but I will give her a kiss to remember me by,' and then he went on.

"When General Sheridan came through the country after the war in a hurried, informal way, he looked upon the proposition to give him a reception as a great joke. He left the car quietly at Columbus with two military friends and started up the main street of the city. As soon as Sheridan was recognized a great crowd gathered around him. He was forced to shake hands and was greatly amused to see with what orderliness the men, women and children arranged themselves in a line; but in five minutes he bolted. He could not escape, however, and was compelled to take position and shake hands with the crowd that had pursued him with the wild clamor of any army stampede."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## SHE NEVER WAS A BOY.

When I come home the other night With an ugly look in eye That I had got into a fight, Poor me commenced to cry, But when I told her how it was She clasped his hands for joy And told me I'd done bully, 'cause Once he had been a boy.

"Boys will be boys," I heard him say. "They won't be otherwise, And the one that learns to fight his way Is the one that wins the prize. When I was his age, I might have been My greatest earthly joy."—But she, she kept on crying, 'cause She never was a boy.

My golly, but I'd hate to be A girl with fluffy hair, And always prim as A. B. C. With clothes too clean to wear! When was I small, I'd 'pose she was Red cheeked and sweet and coy, But, oh, the fun that missed her 'cause She never was a boy!

—Cleveland Leader.

### STOWAWAYS.

They Are Believed to Bring Good Luck to the Ships.

"I am not given to losing my temper," said one captain to the writer, "but I confess that when on one voyage we found no fewer than 14 men had managed to stow themselves away below I felt inclined to give them all a ducking, and said so." This was the captain of an Atlantic liner, a man to whom the stowaway is a perpetual nuisance. Though the strictest watch is kept to prevent his getting on board, it is rare for a trip to be made without one or two specimens of the deadhead fraternity being carried, willy nilly, free.

Of course, this is not done entirely without connivance on the part of somebody on board the ship. The stowaways are not infrequently the guilty parties. With their or others' aid the stowaways get down into the hold and find a dark corner in which to secrete himself until the vessel is at sea. If then he is discovered and set to work, he does not mind. It is not work he is afraid of, but the being without work and the bread that accompanies it.

When it is considered what an enormous thing an Atlantic liner is and how many dark places there are in her vast interior, it is not surprising to hear that scores of men during the course of a year get free passage across the herring pond in one ship or another, and this though a steamer never leaves port without a search being made to see that no unauthorized person is on board. Many are discovered in bunkers and other such places, and, of course, carefully conducted on shore, but not a few manage to elude detection, and, of course, once away from land, little is feared from discovery.

There is a curious notion prevalent among some sailors. It is that a stowaway is a lucky passenger to carry. Asked once why it was, an old salt answered that he never heard of a ship being lost that had a stowaway on board. Of course he had an instance in point to relate. It was to the effect that a stowaway was discovered in hiding on an outgoing vessel at the last moment and ejected. Shaking his fist at the captain, the would be voyager cried: "I'm glad you've turned me out of your rotten ship. Neither she nor you will live to see Christmas day, while I shall." The prophecy proved a true one. The vessel went down within a week of sailing, and only the second officer and a few men were saved.

One wonders how such a superstition arose, if superstition it can be called. Does it arise from the notion—old as the hills—that the unfortunate are ever under the special protection of heaven and that it is particularly displeasing to the providence that watches over such wretches if anything be done to thwart their wishes? The foolish, the blind, children and drunkards are proverbially said to be under such peculiar guardianship and care. Perhaps henceforth we must add the stowaway to the list.—Cassell's Magazine.

### A Pious Indian Myth.

The Pious Indian myth of the sun, moon and stars is as crudely anthropomorphic as can be found in any savage belief. The moon is the sun's wife. The stars are his children. When he appears, the children steeplehead. They live in terror of him. He eats them—when he can catch them. His stomach—the only part of him one can see—is stuffed with stars. When he goes to bed, the children emerge again from their hiding places in the blue. The moon is fond of her children, who smile as she moves among them. Every month she goes into mourning, because her cannibal husband has eaten one of them. The Pious Indians account for the appearance of a comet by stating that the sun often snaps at one of the stars, his children, and does not get hold of it—he only tears a piece out—and the star, getting wild with pain, goes flying across the sky with a great spout of blood flowing from it. It is then very much afraid, and as it flies it always keeps its head turned to watch the sun, its father, and never turns its face away from him until it is far out of his reach.

### An Australian Pulpit Sensation.

The Rev. Mr. Davison had an awkward experience of bush life the other Sunday. During divine service at Runnymede, Victoria, a voice in solemn tone pealed forth, "Do not move, Mr. Davison; there's a snake at your elbow." The minister glanced around and shuddered, for quite close was a large tiger snake, quietly coiled up. One of the congregation seized a walking stick, and, after some confusion among those present, succeeded in dispatching the reptile.—Melbourne Australasian.

### A Cheerful Soul.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir.  
Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there is no ev'ry probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship.—Tit-Bits.

## FEMININE ABILITY WASTED.

The Making of a Good Poker Player. Feeling a Near-sighted Man.

"It has long been a pet theory of mine that woman is naturally a better poker player than man," said Colonel King, "and as a devoted admirer of both the sex and the game I feel that I am qualified to express this opinion. I am aware that most poker players allege that it is as difficult for a woman to play poker as to throw a stone. I can recall two women who could bluff me to a standstill and never wink an eyelid. Men are not in it when it comes to bluffing with a woman. It is natural in her and acquired in us. Let me tell you about my friend, Mrs. Smith.

"She would make a crackjack poker player if she would only try the game. She illustrates what I have said about bluffing, because she is an innocent little thing, hardly 20 years old, and she hasn't had time to acquire anything except a husband. I knew her father when he was in my regiment, and I have kept track of her ever since she was 5 years old. Her father was our surgeon major, and a fine fellow, with a leaning toward botany and such things. In recent years he has grown near-sighted. He will do anything for his daughter, and she works him beautifully. He and I were dining with the Smiths after their marriage last winter, and the major said:

"My dear, that fern which you have on the table is a disgrace. Why don't you get something really good?"

"Can't afford it just now," said Mrs. Smith suggestively.

"Well, I will get it for you," said the major.

"Mrs. Smith then told of a beautiful fern which she had seen at Blank's hothouse to be sold for \$12. I don't know anything about those things, but when she described the fern to the major he said it was just what she should have, and he gave her the money to buy it. When he was in the center of the table, and the major peered at it through his glasses and told her that she had a bargain. Before he left the table Mrs. Smith put a tablespoonful of water on the fern, and the major poured on a little more from his glass.

"Not too much water, you know, and the fern will thrive," he said.

"Every night when we dined at the Smiths the major took delight in pouring a little water on his fern, as he called it, and one night last week he said casually:

"It is odd that that fern hasn't grown since you got it. It looks healthy, and it should have thrown out a new leaf or two."

"Oh, it has grown a lot," said Mrs. Smith, and if I had not caught a suspicion of a smile on her husband's face I would not have noticed the remark. It set me thinking. I don't know anything about ferns, but I have pretty good eyes. I looked closely at this one, and as we left the table I felt of it. When I had an opportunity, I said to Mrs. Smith:

"I've called your bluff."

"What bluff, colonel?" she said, looking as if she had never heard the word before.

"The fern," said I. "It's artificial, and it isn't a good make believe, either. Letting your poor old father put water on it, too! What are you going to do about it?"

"She showed her hand at this call. The artificial fern cost her \$1, and with the other \$11 she bought gloves.

"Don't give me away," she said, and father will not know the difference."

"What will you do to persuade him that it is growing?"

"I'll buy a little larger one in a few weeks."

"We dined there last night again, and as Mrs. Smith and the major each generously put a little water on this artificial fern I thought to myself 'What a great poker player that girl might become!' I hate to see such ability wasted on fooling a near-sighted man, but perhaps Mrs. Smith wouldn't be as interesting if she did play poker. However, she illustrates my theory, and there are others."—New York Sun.

### It Was Returned.

"I came upon a couple of boys fighting on the street the other day," said the portly man as he laughed at the recollection. "They were both sneering like a couple of young wildcats. 'As a usual thing, I do not believe in interfering with quarrels among children, believing that it is better to let them fight it out and settle their differences in their own way. 'But they were fighting so fiercely and were using such bad language that I thought it best to separate them. 'Getting hold of their collars, I pulled them apart and demanded an explanation. 'He throw a rotten egg at me,' shouted the younger of the two as he struggled to get at the other boy again. 'This was undoubtedly a fact, as the boy's clothing was a strong testimonial to the point in evidence. 'Tut, tut,' said I, 'you should have returned good for evil.' 'I did,' he sobbed, the reaction having set in. 'The one that I threw at him was a good one.'—Detroit Free Press.

### The Lord's Prayer on a Pin.

The limit of fine engravings seems to have been reached by A. Henderson of Toronto, who has just finished the task of engraving the Lord's Prayer upon the stem of an ordinary pin, one inch in length, with the alphabet and the numbers from 1 to 19 on the head. Those interested in feats of this description are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the champion who will distance all competitors by selecting the point of the pin as his sphere of operations.—Jewellers' Circular.

## THE MAGIC PAINTING

WHEN THE ROOM WAS DARKENED THE COW WENT TO SLEEP.

How the Transformation Was Effected and How Some Other Sensational Wonderful Effects May Be Produced by the Aid of Chemicals.

The Chinese Emperor Tai Tsung possessed among other treasures a picture known as a magic painting. It represented a pastoral scene with a cow standing in a field and mountains beyond. When the picture was shown to strangers or guests and they admired it, the emperor would say:

"Yes, this is a remarkable painting. The cow, as you see, is standing, but if the room was darkened the cow would think it night and would lie down."

Then the emperor would order the room to be darkened, and the cow would be seen to be lying down, apparently asleep.

The picture was a water color, over which was painted in colorless phosphorescent paint a similar picture representing the cow lying down. In the light the standing animal was seen, but at night or in a darkened room only the phosphorescent picture was visible. So the magic picture was, after all, a very simple trick.

A Dresden chemist, named Schade, has discovered a method of imitating it which can be accomplished as follows:

First paint in ordinary colors the picture of the cow standing. Then melt some Zanzibar copal over a charcoal fire and dissolve 15 parts of it in 60 parts of French oil of turpentine. Filter this and mix with 25 parts of pure linseed oil which has been previously heated and cooled.

Now take 40 parts of the varnish so obtained and mix with six parts of prepared calcium carbonate, 12 parts of prepared white zinc sulphide and 80 parts of luminous calcium sulphide, all of which can be obtained from any chemist.

This emulsion should be ground very fine in a color mill. The result will be white luminous paint, which should be used to paint the cow lying down.

Many seemingly wonderful tricks can be performed with the use of a few simple chemicals. One of them is the bull of fire. Take for this barium sulphate (BaS), 1 part; magnesium carbonate (MgCO<sub>3</sub>), 1 part; gum tragacanth, q. s. This should be mixed and rolled into marbles and kept at a red heat for about an hour, then allowed to cool slowly and placed in a glass stoppered bottle. A few hours before using place in the sun, and the marbles at once become luminous.

At the entertainment ordinary marbles are passed among the audience, one or more of the luminous marbles being concealed in the hand. The exhibitor then takes a marble from some one of the audience, holds it between his thumb and forefinger, blows upon it, and asks to have the lights turned down. As this is done he substitutes the luminous marble, and the mysterious light is seen. This is handed around, and changes again as the light is turned on, when the magician presents to the audience several of the ordinary marbles as souvenirs.

Another trick is very effective. Take two similar bunches of artificial flowers. Brush one over with glue or mucilage and powder it with the dust from one of the marbles described. Then place in the sun. When taken into a darkened room, luminous flowers are seen. The magician exhibits the flowers that have not been prepared and shows that there is nothing peculiar about them. Then as the light is turned down, he substitutes the concealed bunch, blows upon the flowers, and presto! displays to the astonished observers a luminous bunch, each flower of which stands out as if at white heat.

Luminous letters can be written and exhibited in the dark to the wonder of the audience. Luminous ink is made by placing a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea in a test tube with a little olive oil. Place the tube in a water bath until the oil becomes heated and the phosphorus liquid. Shake well and pour into a bottle with a glass stopper. Admit air just previous to using it, and the fluid will become luminous in the dark.

Water can be rendered luminous in a very simple manner. Dissolve a small piece of phosphorus in ether for several days in a glass stoppered bottle. In this place a lump of sugar, then drop the sugar in water, which will at once become luminous.

Luminous paints can be made any color—green, yellow, violet or blue—and if applied to various objects make a wonderful display at night.—New York Sun.

The country child requires attention, according to Miss Cobbe. She relates an incident which took place on her return after a lengthened absence to her country home, when she addressed a youth formerly under her tuition.

"Well, Andrew," said Miss Cobbe, "how much do you remember of all my lessons?"

"Ah, ma'am, never a word."

"Oh, Andrew, Andrew! And have you forgotten all about the sun, the moon, and stars, the day and night and the seasons?"

Andrew scratched his head and replied:—"Oh, no, ma'am," he said. "I do remember now. And you set me on the schoolroom table, and Mars was a red gooseberry, and I ate him."—Chambers' Journal.

### His Distinction.

"I'm sure I don't know why the Rev. Mr. Fittly calls himself the boy preacher," said Mrs. Snaggs. "He's 40 years old if he's a day."

"Perhaps he is the oldest boy preacher alive," explained Mr. Snaggs.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Costly Hats For Men.

The most expensive hat on record cost \$1,500 in gold and was presented to General Grant while in Mexico, 1882. It is now on exhibition in the National museum in Washington—perhaps the finest Mexican soubrero that was ever made.

While William H. Seward was secretary of state in Lincoln's cabinet some of his admirers in South America sent him a Panama hat which cost \$1,000. It was on exhibition in a show window in New York for a year or more. Panama hats used to be frequently sold as high as \$500 each. A New York letter says that in 1807 he sold three hats at that price in a single day, but they are no longer in the market. The most expensive hat he has sold for several years was bought by a New York banker last summer for \$110. It was the last Panama hat in stock. Such hats are still worn by the hidalgos in South America. They are not made in Panama, but got the name because that city was formerly the greatest market for them.

The finest hats come from Guayaquil and Payta, Peru. They are made of the fiber of pita, or pineapple plant, which is as soft and pliable as silk, and some of them are so fine that they can be folded up and carried in the vest pocket.—Chicago Record.

## The Introducer In Mexico.

"Do you see that distinguished looking man with a silk hat standing at the end of the bar?" remarked a well known business man to a newcomer in a prominent cantina.

"Yes. He's a fine fellow too. Met him when I first came here."

"Do you know what his business is?"

"Seems to me he told me, but I don't remember just now. What is it?"

"He's an introducer."

"A what? Introducer? What line of goods does he introduce?"

"Men. He deals in men, not goods."

"I can't see the point. Never heard of such a business."

"Well, I'll explain it to you. His business is introducing strangers to some of our promoters. He hangs around the hotel, makes the acquaintance of newcomers and introduces them to those who desire to meet men with capital."

"By George, you don't say so. Come to think of it, he has introduced me to a lot of business men here. I thought he was doing me a great favor." "Not exactly a favor. He gets \$5 an introduction



**The Outposts of Comfort**

M F Roofing Tin Insures sound, leak-proof covering to the main roof and the little roofs over porches and windows. The roofs are the outposts of house comfort—a leak at any of these points is fatal to the house and its furnishings. The sure way to comfort is to contract with the roofers to put on

**M F Roofing Tin**

—the best of all roofing; 50 years the world's standard for tin manufacture. It has the heaviest coating of pure tin and new lead, and will not rust. If you would know more of M F Roofing write to C. CRAMER, agent, 10 Chicago Building, Chicago, for illustrated book on roofing. AMERICAN TIN PLATE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

**OLIVER W. HAM,**  
(successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

**60 Market Street.**

**Furniture Dealer**

**AND**

**Undertaker.**

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

The only new announcement that can be said of the celebrated

**7-20-4**

**10c CIGAR**

is the sales are constantly increasing in the old territory and meeting with big success in new fields.

**R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,**  
**Manchester, N. H.**

**J. A. & A. W. WALKER**  
**SOLE AGENTS FOR**

**OLD COMPANY LEHIGH COALS**

**ALSO**

**Reading and Wilkesbarre Coals**

**Best Preparation Obtainable**  
**In This City.**

**187 MARKET ST.**

**H. W. NICKERSON,**  
**LICENSED EMBALMER**

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR.**

**5 Daniel St. Portsmouth.**

Calls by night at residence, 9 Mills avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.  
Telephone at office and residence.

**THE TRUNK JUGGLER**

**BILLY SKAGGLY'S BAGGAGE SMASHING AT PRAIRIE JUNCTION.**

How a Broken Handle on One Big Trunk Caused an Accident That Ended His "Bouncing Them Over" Transfer System at That Station.

"It has always seemed to me that about the slickest thing in the way of trunk juggling that I ever saw," said an old railroad man, "was something that a baggage man named Billy Skagglly used to do at a place called Prairie Junction on the M. N. and T. road. Billy was running then on the old G. X. and Q., which was at that time an independent line, but practically a branch of the M. N. and T. coming in at Prairie Junction, running along back of the station at an angle and striking the M. N. track 100 feet or more to the west. This included a sort of a V shaped open space, like a V lying down flat, between the track on one side and the station and the M. N. track on the other, the widest part being back of the station. This part was planked over from the station to the G. X. track, making a broad platform there, and when trains came in on the G. X. and Q. a man used to roll a baggage truck across this platform to the baggage car, and they'd get the baggage out on it, and then he'd roll it back across the broad platform to the station.

"That's the way they were doing there before Billy came—the way they do it under like circumstances everywhere. But Billy said that was all a waste of time, labor and trouble, and he soon put into operation here a transfer system of his own by which he easily put the trunks over alone.

"The trains on the G. X. used to halt with the baggage car right back of the rear door of the station. From the door of the station to the door of the car was maybe 50 feet. Billy could throw a trunk as far as any other man I ever knew—I don't know but what farther. But he couldn't throw a loaded Saratoga that distance, and what he used to do was to bound 'em over. He made fast in the middle of the platform a thick rubber cushion about as big as a doormat.

"Where he learned how to do this or how he got the skill he had I don't know. He may have had a run somewhere before where there was a platform like that to cover, or it may be that he invented the system to meet this situation and then practiced up somewhere with a blank till he could hit the mark, but certain it is that he could stand in the door of his baggage car and throw a trunk in such a manner that it would land with one corner on the bouncing pad and bound up and on plumb through the back door of the station every time.

"I was running then on the M. N. on a train that stopped at Prairie Junction, and we used to meet Billy's train on the branch, and often I've looked out down back of the station, where the branch came in, to see Billy bouncing the trunks. After he'd got 'em started he'd keep two in the air all the time, starting one on its arched course through the air from the car door to the pad before the trunk ahead had disappeared through the door of the baggage room. And this went along just as nice and comfortable as could be till, as usual, something happened.

"Billy pulled down from the stack in the car one day and rolled along on its end to the car door a big, massive trunk, marked 'Snakes; Handle With Care.' Billy had seen the words 'Handle With Care' before, and he had also heard of trunks being marked 'Snakes,' 'Dynamite' and that sort of thing, and so the marks on this massive trunk did not impress him strongly. He hustled it along to the doorway, seized it by the handle, lifted it and launched it through the air.

"Very likely this was the first trunk that Billy ever missed the mark with, and I don't suppose he'd have missed with this one if the handle hadn't broken just as he let go of it, but it missed the pad by about an inch and a half and came down on the hard platform with a bang that busted that corner wide open. Even as it was, the trunk bounded well up into the air. It had rubber knobs on its corners, to protect it and the plank it struck on was springy, but it didn't bound toward the station door. It was deflected at another angle, and as it rose snakes began dropping out of its busted lower corner.

"A man, who could easily have got out of the way but for the fact that he was sort of fascinated by the sight of the falling snakes, was knocked down by the flying trunk and had his leg broken. This accident broke up Billy's transfer system at Prairie Junction. The super said they were proud of Billy as a baggage tosser, but that that one mishap had cost 'em in one way and another more than the hire of a man to carry the baggage across would cost them for five years, and the first thing I knew the bouncing pad had been taken up and the man was back with the baggage truck, rolled up in front of the baggage car door in the old familiar way."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**The Old Clucking Hen.**

There is something almost pathetic in the faithfulness to business and the unwavering diligence of the ordinary hen when she gets her heart set on hatching out a brood of chickens. She will sit all day on an old doorknob and dream of the happy day when she can strut around in the back lot with a dozen or so of fuzzy chicks at her heels, scratching and clucking and swelling out her feathers with self importance.

In order to satisfy this motherly instinct she is not only willing, but frantic, to deny herself all of the ordinary pleasures of life. She doesn't care for a "good time." She is perfectly content to stay at home and attend to her maternal duties, and has no concern about how her feathers are adjusted or whether her comb hangs straight. When a hen is laying and not thinking of family matters, she takes pride in a red comb, and is frequently seen oiling her feathers and trying to make herself look attractive.

But your "old cluck" is a perfect type of the devoted mother. Her whole being is absorbed in the one thought of rearing her family, and even if required to hatch out a brood of ducks or turkeys she bends to her task with the same enthusiasm as though she had laid the eggs herself.—Ponkutauney Spirit

**Genuine Hospitality.**

Americans, even though we are as hospitable as any nation on earth, might well take a lesson from the Russians in regard to the respect they pay a letter of introduction. The English send word when you can be received, and you pay each other frosty formal calls and then are asked to 5 o'clock tea or some other wildly exciting function of similar importance. The French are great sticklers for etiquette, but they are more spontaneous, and you are asked to dine at once. After that it is your own fault if you are not asked again.

But in Russia it is different. I think the men must have accompanied my messenger home, and the women to whom I presented letters early in the afternoon were actually waiting for me when I returned from presenting the last ones. In Moscow they came and waited hours for my return—I was mortified that there were not four of me to respond to all the beauties of their friendship, for hospitality in Russia includes even that.—Lillian Bell in Woman's Home Companion.

**Don't Eat Alone.**

Is it healthier to eat in company or alone? In company, for many reasons. The solitary eater is always tempted to take too large mouthfuls and swallow them too quickly and either to eat too much or too little. Eating is only one part of feeding and without digestion is not only useless but injurious.

Those who eat in company have to devote a certain amount of time to talking and attending to each other's wants. This makes the period between the mouthfuls longer and gives more time for digestion.

Then, again, conversation at meal-times usually takes a cheerful turn, and the tone of both mind and body is raised, the heart and nervous system act better, the flow of digestive juices is stimulated, and a larger amount of actual nourishment is obtained from a smaller quantity of food.

In a word, the man who eats in company eats more like a man and less like an animal than he who feeds alone; so his food does him more good in every way.

**Animals Like Tobacco.**

"I have been an inveterate user of tobacco in some form for the past 40 years and during that time have had much to do with all sorts of wild beasts, which, I have found, are nearly all more or less partial to the smell or taste of the weed," observed an old and experienced animal trainer to a reporter. "For instance, the common brown bear is so fond of the fumes of tobacco that if you blow smoke through the bars of its cage it will, with evident delight, push forward and rub its back and head against the iron bars over which the smoke passes. This is invariable.

"Not long ago I blew through a hollow stick a pinch of snuff into the nose of a sleeping lion. The brute shortly after awoke, sat up straight, sneezed violently and then lay down to sleep very contentedly again. All goats, deer, llamas and so on will chew and eat tobacco and snuff with great eagerness. Monkeys and big baboons also breathe with great satisfaction the smoke from cigars."—Washington Star.

**A Distant Brother.**

A Boston woman had a servant named Norah, a rosy cheeked girl, who received frequent calls from a young man, of whom she often spoke as "me brother." The consternation of her mistress may be guessed when one day Norah announced that she was soon to marry the stalwart Tim.

"What do you mean, Norah?" demanded the lady, feeling that a poor trick had been played upon her. "You have always spoken of Tim as your brother to me."

"Yis, ma'am," said the blushing Norah. "I always thought of him so, ma'am, while he was making up his mind. But he's been so bowld as to remind me, ma'am, that he's only me brother-in-law's brother, atter all!"

**A Little Mixed.**

A woman went into one of the down town Lowell grocery stores the other day and, after ordering a number of things, said, "I need some sugar, but I am not going to buy it until the price comes down."

"I don't believe that it will come down much," said the clerk.

"You don't mean that we have got to pay that exorbitant price?"

"What do you mean?"

"The price that was in the papers yesterday."

She had read the stock reports that sugar stock had taken a jump upward.—New England Grocer.

**MAKING AN APOLOGY.**

HERE'S A MAN WHO SAYS SUCH A THING IS A BIG MISTAKE.

It Only Makes Matters Worse, He Says, and Advises That, No Matter How Bad the Case Against You May Be, to Just Boldly Bluff It Out.

A friend of mine who is a successful business man and a very level headed chap, and who is full to the brim with philosophy, recently laid down a great epigram to me. It is this: Never apologize.

"If," he says, "there is anything that is absolutely futile, it is apology. Instead of making the person to whom it is tendered feel any better concerning the oversight or piece of thoughtlessness on account of which it is given, the apology simply intensifies his perception of that oversight and makes him feel all the worse about it. A few days ago I took luncheon with a man who said he was feeling very badly. He had borrowed, upon point of honor, from a dear friend, the only copy in existence of a treasured historic manuscript. He had promised to return it straightway. It was the old story. A servant, in quest of paper to start a kitchen fire, got hold of the precious old manuscript and burned it up. What should my friend do?"

"I advised him, from some experience in such things, to avoid making any apology, to say nothing whatever to his friend about the matter and, when the subject should finally be raised, to feign indifference and almost surprise concerning it. In this way the lender would think it must be that he had not made clear the necessity of returning the manuscript or failed to indicate sufficiently its value.

"Perhaps he would come to think himself that it was of no value. At all events, he could not get very angry with a man who appeared hardly to realize that he had committed any offense whatever. This advice, I believe, was sound.

"My attention," he goes on, "was first directed to the utility of apology several years ago. I was a northern man in a southern city, new to southern conditions and inexperienced in dealing with 'the colored brother.' One afternoon a Georgian friend urged me to go somewhere with him for several hours. I replied that the one objection to accepting was the fact that I had asked my colored messenger to meet me at a certain place at 1 o'clock and to wait there until I came, in case I should be late. It would be pretty hard to keep him waiting until 4 in the afternoon.

"I will tell you," replied my friend, "how that can be made all right. When you go around at 4 o'clock, you approach him with the air of perfect self satisfaction. If anything is said, give him the notion that it is just his business to wait three hours for you and that you compelled it as a matter of course. If to the least degree you apologize to him, you have ruined him as a messenger and spoiled him as a citizen. He never will do anything for you again after an apology."

"A further acquaintance with the mysterious ways of the colored brother led me to believe that there was some small amount of wisdom in this advice or at least that it rested upon some principles of Ethiopian human nature. I then began to wonder if the same thing were not true of the white man. I believe it is.

"An apology spoils everybody and injures the reputation of the man making it. Therefore my rule in life is to do somewhere near as well as I can and then in contact with my fellow man to assume that I have done exactly right and to affect surprise and indifference in the extreme at any suggestion that things are ever otherwise.

"The next time Lord Chesterfield writes out his rules of conduct he should append as one of them, 'Never apologize.' Do things meet for apology as seldom as possible, but, having done them, do not apologize for them. That is self incrimination, and it is a principle of old English common law that no one should be obliged to testify against himself."

I commend this reasoning to all thinking persons. I have myself apologized a great many times, but I cannot truly say that an apology has ever really helped my case with the person who was offended. Of course it patched the matter up, but did that do any good? It is conceivable that giving an apology may be better than taking a licking, but may not A's failure to apologize to B. for a slight or rash affront be construed by B. as proof that A. is confident that he can lick B. and consequently no apology is needed and no attempt at a licking likely? These things should be pondered carefully.—Boston Transcript.

**Not For Sunday School Books.**

She is little, but she has her own way of looking at things, and her views are occasionally startling.

"Mamma," she said thoughtfully when she heard her mother tell the maid that she was "not at home," "is it all right to say you're out when you're in?"

"Oh, yes; it's the common custom, you know," explained the mother.

The little one pondered for awhile, and then inquired, in her solemn way: "Suppose the Lord should say that when we get to heaven?"

Of course, this story ought to end with the statement that the mother at once saw the error of her ways and ever after insisted that the truth should be told even to callers, but the mother laughed and thought it was a good joke and told some of her friends about it, and the maid still says "Not at home" when the mistress doesn't wish to receive. That's why the story never will get into the Sunday school books unless it is revised.

**A FITTING TRIBUTE.**

A Citizen of Portsmouth Pays a Well-Earned Tribute.

The following public statement of a respected citizen adds one more emphatic endorsement of merit to the scores that have appeared before.

Mrs. Eva Muchmore of No. 20 State street, writes:—"Doan's Kidney Pills did more than help me. They cured me I was suffering intensely from pain in the back and lameness in my loins, and no one could have made me believe that I would get such immense relief. I had great deal of trouble with my kidneys. At one time I was given up by my physicians who said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease. I recovered, but my kidneys have always been in poor shape. I got the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Philbrick's pharmacy on Congress street. They drove away the gnawing pain, and lessened the soreness in the small of my back. Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective in kidney troubles."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

**ARE MADE OF GRAPHITE.**

Lead Does Not Enter into the Composition of Pencils.

The first thing to be said about lead pencils is that they are not lead pencils at all. Once upon a time sticks of lead were used for making marks on paper and wood, and the name has survived though nowadays all the pencils are filled with graphite, or plumbago. This mineral is found in only a few places in the world—in Cumberland, England, along the Laurentian ranges in the province of Quebec and at Ticonderoga, Vt. The largest mines on this continent are at the latter place.

The graphite is taken in the lump from the mines and carried to the reducing mill, where it is ground or pulverized in stamp mills under water. The fine particles of graphite float away with the water through a number of tanks, collecting at the bottom of these reservoirs. It is packed in barrels in the form of dust and sent to the factory, where tens of thousands of lead pencils are turned out every day. The pulverized graphite is so fine that it really is a dust, dingy in color and smooth and oily to the touch. It is divided into various grades of fineness by floating it on water from one tank to another. The coarse dust sinks to the bottom of the first tank, the next finer to the bottom of the second tank, and so on down the line, the finest powder for the finest pencils settling in the last tank.

In another series of tanks the German pipe clay, which is mixed with graphite to secure the different grades of pencils from very soft to extra hard, is graded in the same way, by floating. The finest clay is mixed with the finest graphite, being ground together between stones, and the hardness of the pencil is secured by increasing the proportion of clay in the mixture.

For the medium grades seven parts by weight of clay are mixed with ten parts of graphite. After the graphite and clay are ground together the mixture is put in canvas bags and the water is squeezed out under a hydraulic press, leaving a mass the consistency of putty. The plaster is placed in a forming press, which is a small iron cylinder, in which a solid plunger or piston works up and down. A steel plate having a hole the size and shape of the "lead" is put under the open end of the cylinder, and the plunger, pressing down, forces the graphite through the hole, making a continuous thread of wire of graphite. As long as this thread is moist it is pliable, but it becomes brittle when dry, so it is handled rapidly. It is cut into three lead lengths, straightened out and then hardened in a crucible over a coal fire. The leads when taken from the crucibles are ready for the wood, which is pine for cheap pencils and cedar for more expensive ones. When the strips of wood are received at the factory, they are run through a machine which cuts in each one six grooves, round or square, and at the same time smooths the face of the wood.

The filling of the strips is done by girls. The first one takes a grooved strip of wood in her left hand and a bunch of leads in the right. She spreads the leads out fan shape, and with one motion she fills the six grooves with leads. Next to her sits another girl, who takes the filled strips and quickly and neatly lays on another grooved strip which has just been coated with hot glue by a third girl. The filled and glued strips are piled upon each other and put in a press, where they are left to dry. The ends of the strips are evened off under a sandpaper wheel, and then the strips are fed into a machine which cuts out the individual pencils, shapes them and delivers them smooth and ready for the color and polish in six streams. The coloring is done with liquid dyes, after which the pencils are sent through the varnishing machine.—School and Home.

**Testimony of Eyewitnesses.**

"While I was out west," said the man in the mackintosh, "I saw snow drifts more than 600 feet high."

"I don't doubt it," replied the man with the cinnamon beard. "When I was out there, I saw drifts that couldn't have been less than 900 feet deep."

"If you hadn't been in such a hurry to tell a bigger lie than you thought I could tell," rejoined the man in the mackintosh, "I would have explained that the drifts I saw were 800 feet up on the side of a mountain."

"That's all right," said the other. "The drifts I saw were at the bottom of a 900 foot gorge."—Chicago Tribune

**THE HERALD**

Has The Finest

**JOB PRINTING PLANT**

In The City.

**Finest Work**

**Reasonable Prices.**

**MUSIC HALL.**

F. W. Hartford . . . . . Manager

Three Nights and Family Matinee.

**April 21, 22, 23, 26.**

**Mon., Tues. and Wed. Evenings,**

**Saturday Matinee.**

The Great Spectacular Success,

**ZEPHRA.**

Benefit of

**Inosmoch Circle King's Daughters**

Never Brighter, Better Than Ever. 40,000 Square Feet Of Magnificent Special Scenery. Beautiful Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, Merry Dancers, Grand Marches, Sparkling Music, Dazzling Coliseum Effects. A Wilderness of Scenery, Pretty Faces, etc.

The Whole A Beautiful Drama of Fairyland.

200—In The Grand Ensemble—200

**Evening Prices:**

**35, 50 and 75c.**

**Matinee Prices:**

Children, 25 Cents; Adults, 50 Cents

Seats on sale at Music Hall box office, Friday April 18th at 7.30 a. m.

**Tuesday Evening, April 29th.**

**THE CHAMBERLYN AMUSEMENT COMPANY**

Presents Direct from its Record-Breaking Engagement of Three Months at the Columbia Theatre, Boston,

The Tremendous English Musical Comedy Success,

**MOROCCO BOUND**

Book by Arthur Branscombe, Music by F. Osmond Carr.

(As Played for Two Years in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre.)

The Boston Company and Production in its Entirety will be Seen in This City.

**60 IN CAST AND 60**

Including Dan Collyer, Philip Branson, W. Herman Wise, Lovat Fraser, Templar Saye, Harry Braham, Gordon Tompkins, Edith Bradford, Florence Holbrook, Tillie Salinger, Inga Belle, Hattie Moore, Grace Spencer, Maude Francis, Bertram Godfrey, and

The Finest Girl Chorus in the World.

**PRICES**

35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Saturday morning, April 26th.

**Wednesday Evening, April 30.**

A Play of Strong Heart Interest, Pure Comedy and Brisk Americanism,

**A. Q. SCAMMON'S THE AMERICAN GIRL**

By H. Grattan Donnelly.

Introducing the Comedian,

**Mr. Geo. F. Hall**

TWO HAYS OF BRIGHTNESS, THE AMERICAN TWINS, PRINCE ROY and THE LITTLE LADY.

Prices . . . 35c, 50c and 75c.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office Monday morning, April 27th.

**ONLY FIRST-CLASS Upholstery and Mattress Work**

**F. A. ROBBINS,**  
40 Hillington Street.

Subscribe for the Herald.

**NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE**

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets; the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

**THE HERALD**

Has The Finest

**JOB PRINTING PLANT**

In The City.

**Finest Work**

**Reasonable Prices.**

**MUSIC HALL.**

F. W. Hartford . . . . . Manager

Three Nights and Family Matinee.

**April 21, 22, 23, 26.**

**Mon., Tues. and Wed. Evenings,**

**Saturday Matinee.**

The Great Spectacular Success,

**ZEPHRA.**

Benefit of

**Inosmoch Circle King's Daughters**

Never Brighter, Better Than Ever. 40,000 Square Feet Of Magnificent Special Scenery. Beautiful Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, Merry Dancers, Grand Marches, Sparkling Music, Dazzling Coliseum Effects. A Wilderness of Scenery, Pretty Faces, etc.

The Whole A Beautiful Drama of Fairyland.

200—In The Grand Ensemble—200

**Evening Prices:**

**35, 50 and 75c.**

**Matinee Prices:**

Children, 25 Cents; Adults, 50 Cents

Seats on sale at Music Hall box office, Friday April 18th at 7.30 a. m.

**Tuesday Evening, April 29th.**

**THE CHAMBERLYN AMUSEMENT COMPANY**

Presents Direct from its Record-Breaking Engagement of Three Months at the Columbia Theatre, Boston,

The Tremendous English Musical Comedy Success,

**MOROCCO BOUND**

Book by Arthur Branscombe, Music by F. Osmond Carr.

(As Played for Two Years in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre.)

The Boston Company and Production in its Entirety will be Seen in This City.

**60 IN CAST AND 60**

Including Dan Collyer, Philip Branson, W. Herman Wise, Lovat Fraser, Templar Saye, Harry Braham, Gordon Tompkins, Edith Bradford, Florence Holbrook, Tillie Salinger, Inga Belle, Hattie Moore, Grace Spencer, Maude Francis, Bertram Godfrey, and

The Finest Girl Chorus in the World.

**PRICES**

35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Saturday morning, April 26th.

**Wednesday Evening, April 30.**

A Play of Strong Heart Interest, Pure Comedy and Brisk Americanism,

**A. Q. SCAMMON'S THE AMERICAN GIRL**

By H. Grattan Donnelly.

Introducing the Comedian,

**Mr. Geo. F. Hall**

TWO HAYS OF BRIGHTNESS, THE AMERICAN TWINS, PRINCE ROY and THE LITTLE LADY.

Prices . . . 35c, 50c and 75c.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office Monday morning, April 27th.

**ONLY FIRST-CLASS Upholstery and Mattress Work**

**F. A. ROBBINS,**  
40 Hillington Street.

Subscribe for the Herald.

**NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE**

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets; the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

**THE HERALD**

Has The Finest

**JOB PRINTING PLANT**

In The City.

**Finest Work**

**Reasonable Prices.**

**MUSIC HALL.**

F. W. Hartford . . . . . Manager

Three Nights and Family Matinee.

**April 21, 22, 23, 26.**

**Mon., Tues. and Wed. Evenings,**

**Saturday Matinee.**

The Great Spectacular Success,

**ZEPHRA.**

Benefit of

**Inosmoch Circle King's Daughters**

Never Brighter, Better Than Ever. 40,000 Square Feet Of Magnificent Special Scenery. Beautiful Costumes, Beautiful Scenery, Merry Dancers, Grand Marches, Sparkling Music, Dazzling Coliseum Effects. A Wilderness of Scenery, Pretty Faces, etc.

The Whole A Beautiful Drama of Fairyland.

200—In The Grand Ensemble—200

**Evening Prices:**

**35, 50 and 75c.**

**Matinee Prices:**

Children, 25 Cents; Adults, 50 Cents

Seats on sale at Music Hall box office, Friday April 18th at 7.30 a. m.

**Tuesday Evening, April 29th.**

**THE CHAMBERLYN AMUSEMENT COMPANY**

Presents Direct from its Record-Breaking Engagement of Three Months at the Columbia Theatre, Boston,

The Tremendous English Musical Comedy Success,

**MOROCCO BOUND**

Book by Arthur Branscombe, Music by F. Osmond Carr.

(As Played for Two Years in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre.)

The Boston Company and Production in its Entirety will be Seen in This City.

**60 IN CAST AND 60**

Including Dan Collyer, Philip Branson, W. Herman Wise, Lovat Fraser, Templar Saye, Harry Braham, Gordon Tompkins, Edith Bradford, Florence Holbrook, Tillie Salinger, Inga Belle, Hattie Moore, Grace Spencer, Maude Francis, Bertram Godfrey, and

The Finest Girl Chorus in the World.

**PRICES**

35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Saturday morning, April 26th.

**Wednesday Evening, April 30.**

A Play of Strong Heart Interest, Pure Comedy and Brisk Americanism,

**A. Q. SCAMMON'S THE AMERICAN GIRL**

By H. Grattan Donnelly.

Introducing the Comedian,

**Mr. Geo. F. Hall**

TWO HAYS OF BRIGHTNESS, THE AMERICAN TWINS, PRINCE ROY and THE LITTLE LADY.

Prices . . . 35c, 50c and 75c.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office Monday morning, April 27th.

**ONLY FIRST-CLASS Upholstery and Mattress Work**

**F. A. ROBBINS,**  
40 Hillington Street.

Subscribe for the Herald.

**NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE**

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets; the remedy that cures a cold in one day.



# THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)  
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1884.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.  
Terms \$1.00 a year, when paid in advance, 10 cents a month, 5 cents per copy, delivered in 47 parts of the city or sent by mail.  
Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.  
Communications should be addressed  
HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,  
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

F. W. HARTFORD,  
B. M. TILTON  
Editors and Proprietors.

[Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office  
second class mail matter.]

## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald.  
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1902.  
SNAP-SHOTS.

Air ships haven't begun to run on schedule time

It is up to some enterprising Yankee theatrical manager to put the British coronation show on the road in this country, after they've produced it over there.

The shirt-waist man (the dear thing) will soon be gambling on the green.

President Palma was enthusiastically welcomed to Cuba by 198,450 office-seekers.

Prince Henry's phizog has disappeared from the screen of current events.

Guess that forlorn hope of a dry dock on the Charlestown and flats has been abandoned—the Boston papers are remarkably mum about it.

Col Bryan's barn is in much better shape than his political fences.

Gen. Miles doesn't seem to be worrying.

The newspapers are giving that beef trust some pretty hot roasts.

An old philosopher named Andrew Aguecheek said, several hundred years ago, "I am a great eater of meat, and I believe that works much harm to my wit."

The United States army in the Philippines, as a body, has nothing to be ashamed of and much to be proud of, the "water cure" notwithstanding.

### CLIPPINGS.

"You should either put more fire into your sermons or more sermons into the fire," said Dr. Talmage once to a young minister.—Boston Globe.

An Ohio editor has been appointed postmaster and is interested in a lead mine which has just been sold for \$200,000. Two fat takes!—Belfast, Me. Republican Journal.

If as a nation we played golf more, there would be far less suffering from nervous exhaustion, depression—other words "the blues"—"biliousness," rheumatism, flat chests, shallow breathing and indigestion than there is at present.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

Prohibition prohibits in Boston Soda-water, candy and cigars cannot be had as a gift or for money on Sunday, but you can get all the beer you want by paying extra for something that looks like a ham sandwich. It is still a fact that Boston is notional.—Nashua Press.

April is making a fool of the whole country. The froward man, instead of smiling through her tears as it is her meteorological duty to do, has begged borrowed or stolen something from the equipment of every other month in the year, and is playing ping-pong with the almanac. It is Fourth of July in Kansas, Christmas in Montana and May Day in New York.—New York Mail and Express.

### TEA TABLE TALK.

Contractor Fosburg evidently means that his gang of toiling sons of Italy shall have enough to eat. He received on Thursday a consignment of a half car load of estates, including a liberal bulk of spaghetti and macaroni to gladden an Italian's heart. There were also barrels upon barrels of hams

While I was walking along Junkins avenue Thursday, the idea came to me that it would be wise to box in those young maple trees which line the sidewalk. The season is at hand when there is a great deal of travel tree day and evening, and the slender tree exposed as they now are, might, by broken off. We want them to live to grow up and cast their shade, for the avenue is decidedly torrid on a wind less midsummer day.

If George F. Hall, the comedian in An American Girl, is sensible, he'll fortify himself with ten or twelve glasses of champagne sleep just before he reaches Portsmouth next Wednesday. The members of the Athletic club, with whom he is very popular, are to occupy boxes at the performance and will undoubtedly take him to their headquarters and set the fatted calf before him—with all the "fixins." Mr. Hall knows the full significance of this, or ought to.

I think I am justified in saying that the appointment of a new city auditor

at the aldermanic meeting on Thursday evening caused a general sensation when it became known through the Chronicle this morning—more because so very few people were aware that it was contemplated. It was kept marvelously quiet. Right here, I want to hand a little bouquet to Mr. Gardner, the retiring official. He has filled the position many years with unflinching devotion and industry—he has been at all times accommodating and has uncomplainingly done extra work which did not properly belong to him at all. The newspaper men will miss him anyway.

This Thomas R. Gannon, recently arrested in Haverhill, Mass., was sent up to the state prison from this city once, for breaking and entering, and made the trip to Concord on the same train with Jimmie Palmer, the murderer of Whitehouse.

There was nothing so very strange about the unusually flushed face of Miss Moon on Wednesday night. She was full Tuesday.

Although so many performances of Zephra this week have meant some hard work for all the participants, yet they have also been productive of much pleasant companionship upon which all will look back with pleasure. As one young lady remarked to me on Thursday afternoon, "Now that we've become well acquainted with the operetta and one another, I shouldn't mind taking a trip around the country in the production." The group pictures which the various classes are having taken in costume, by a local photographer, will be excellent souvenirs of the spectacle.

Pay Director Bellows, U. S. N., retired, and now living at Walpole, is very droll by nature and his faculty of getting humor out of almost anything that springs up has become a proverb among those with whom he was associated in this city. The following extract from a letter which he wrote a friend here a day or two ago illustrates his quickness to see a joke, especially when it is on himself: "I met on the train one of my townswomen, who had been to Boston. She has a loud voice and she greeted me thus: 'How do you do, Mr. Bellows?' I congratulate you upon being a free man and your own master." The rest of the passengers picked up their ears—suppose they thought I had just come out of state prison!"

The Dartmouth boys found plenty of things to interest them here on Thursday afternoon. Under the guidance of their fellow collegians residing in this city some were taken over to Freeman's Point and given an idea of the paper plant project; others were shown what is going on at the establishment of the Rockingham Light and Power company; and quite a number had their curiosity gratified concerning the immense new dry dock over at the navy yard.

The transference of that thirty-two-ton crank shaft from the railroad yard down to the plant of the Rockingham Light and Power company is a task requiring a lot of judgment and a lot of men. There is no truck equipment in this city adapted to the job, so the contractors piece of machinery will be moved on rollers. I don't know the route over which it is to go, but I should think the best way would be through Vaughan, Hanover, Fleet, Congress and Daniel streets.

By the way, did you know that former Street Commissioner Hiett came very near being mashed to pulp under a big piece of this power plant machinery on Wednesday? It is so heavy that nobody thought anything could stir it in such except a determined effort of the whole gang, but it was dislodged by the unloading of another piece and came thundering off the truck before any of the men expected it. Mr. Hiett was struck in the hip and knocked several feet, but landed far enough away to escape being crushed. It is a very noticeable limp Thursday, however.

"The quick-hitch has paid its expenses for one year, at least," said a well-known citizen on Thursday evening, "by the promptness with which it got to the fire this afternoon. It was at the scene before the alarm sounded. The difference between the time this apparatus reached the place and the time the first engine would have showed up, five minutes after the alarm, under the old plan, or the probable fifteen minutes after the alarm, had the horses been half-way to the creek, hitched to a street sprinkler, was the difference."

### THAT CHAPTER.

A chapter on Scott's Emulsion often holds a prominent position in the histories of weak children.

The gist of that chapter usually reads like this—"child weak, pale, thin, no appetite, retful, weakness left over from gripe or other disease. Began small doses Scott's Emulsion three times a day after meals. No apparent change next week. Then appetite improved, then strength increased, then child more lively, leapt better, a decided gain in weight, better color in the face."

And so it goes till the child is reported well and strong. Sounds simple enough and is simple—Scott's Emulsion is just what the weak child needs.

Send for Free Sample.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 405 Pearl St., N. Y.



## A CONTRAST

Of the face of a healthful woman with the face of one who is sick proves that quite often a sad face is a sick face. Many a woman has credit for a sunny disposition who would soon be sad of face and irritable of temper if she had to endure the womanly ills which many of her sex have borne for years.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases which are the source of so much pain and suffering to women. It establishes regularity, dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. Mrs. Cornelia Benson, of Colton, Boyd Co., Ky., writes: "In October 1889 I gave birth to a baby and the treatment I received at the hands of the midwife left me with falling of the uterus. I had no health to speak of for three years. I had another baby which was the third child. My health began to fail and I found myself completely worn out. I had so many pains and aches my life was a burden to me and also to all those around me. I was unable to do any work and I could not sleep. Had four doctors come to see me but at last found I was slowly dying. The doctor said I had liver, lung and uterine trouble. I was in bed for months and when I did get up I was a sight to behold. I looked like a corpse walking and I had to be carried to bed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pelllets,' and ever since then I have been a well woman. I have gained weight and I can now do all my daily work. Since I began the use of Dr. Pierce's medicines, I can say I have no pain. The dark circles around my eyes are going away and I feel better in every way. My cheeks are red and my hair is white and better than yellow or saffron."

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription" there is nothing just as good for weak and sick women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

difference between a small fire and a probable big one." And he was right.

I saw two pigs toaming sadly around down on the dump Thursday afternoon. Were they of that unfortunate species of "scrunters" that are so uncertain of their status—not knowing whether they belong to the city or to Uncle Joe?

I am informed that another step toward the completion of the Kittery and Elliot electric railway was taken on Thursday, when Contractor Spinney of Elliot put his men at work widening the bridge between the two towns, at the "Lower Neck," the necessary two feet for the accommodation of the track.

They certainly are hustling the construction of that Portsmouth and Exeter road right along. On Thursday afternoon the Italians had the roadbed done as far as the trotting park road, while the advance guard who break the ground for the ties were working well up ahead in the swamp.

Box 58 has been having a monopoly of alarms for almost three months. It sounded for the fire in the Times building on February 3, and since then the fire alarm has been in constant use, and the howling alley and that of Thursday afternoon.

If eating grit were only nourishing, a lot of us here in Portsmouth wouldn't have much use for beef anyway. So thick were the swirls of dust the entire length of Islington street Thursday afternoon that you couldn't see a trolley car coming.

### THEATRICAL TALK.

Louis Mann and his managers, Rich and Harris, will part company at the close of the present season, after five years' association.

M. W. Hanger, manager of Robert B. Mantell, is ill with typhoid fever at the Preston hotel, Marlboro, Mass.

Maudie Peasley, who was the leading woman in William Gillette's production of Sherlock Holmes in London, returned to America last week. She will appear during the summer with the Bishop Stock company in San Francisco.

Julia Marlowe has written a book, entitled "Six Girls from Shakespeare," which will shortly be published. The work is said to be a critical study, from the point of view of an actress, of six Shakespearean characters in which the author has appeared.

Henrietta Crossman closed her season at the Theatre republic Saturday night, after having played As You Like It for sixty performances. Miss Crossman will make a spring tour, presenting Nance Oldfield and Madeline. She will open her next season in September in a new play that is being written.

### MOROCCO BOUND.

Morocco Bound, the famous English musical comedy success will be presented at Music hall on Thursday evening, April 23. No production of its kind in years has scored such unequalled success as has this merry musical piece and its remarkably long engagement of three months at the Columbia theatre, Boston, just ended is proof of its merit. Manager Chamberlain decided to take the company on a brief tour of New England previous to its summer season in New York which begins in May, and the production in its entirety will be seen here including the original cast, grand scenic and electrical effects, etc. The organization is composed of sixty people, and the cast if principals is one of international reputation.

### PLANT SYSTEM MILEAGE.

One thousand mile books of the Plant System of Railway good from Washington to Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Thomasville, Jacksonville, Tampa, Albany, Brunswick and all intermediate points. Rate \$25 each. On sale at office of J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 220 Broadway, New York.

Bodily pain loses its terrors if you've a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house. Instant relief in cases of burns, cuts, sprains, accidents of any sort.

### A FEW FACTS.

The paymaster general of the navy's report for the years 1900 and 1901 show the following:

Cost of labor and material for repairing vessels at the navy yards:  
Labor. Material Total.

Title D. 1900 \$2,313,182 \$ 999,779 \$3,312,961  
Title D. 1901 3,466,918 1,535,553 5,002,471  
Average cost of repairs for the one year, \$4,157,266.

Cost of maintenance of the navy yards and naval stations:  
1900.  
Title E—real estate and chattels \$3,651,817  
Title F—machinery plant 265,825  
Title G—general maintenance 5,986,161

Total 1901 \$9,903,804  
Title E—real estate and chattels \$4,922,766  
Title F—machinery plant 605,705  
Title G—general maintenance 5,862,964

Total 1900 \$11,391,435  
Average cost of manufacture per year, \$10,447,236.

The paymaster general's report for 1899 values the real estate and chattels at the different navy yards, used for the purpose of repairing vessels, to be \$42,895,136. There has since been appropriated \$51,893,297, and they are asking for \$18,786,075, making in all the enormous total of \$113,074,508.

Interest at 3 per cent per annum would be \$3,392,235  
Average cost of maintenance per year—Title E, F, and G 10,647,619  
Average amount of repair work done per year, Title D 4,157,266

Total cost per year to make repairs \$18,197,120

The interest and cost of maintenance at the navy yards of the country is the same whether they do \$20,000,000 worth of new construction work per year or only the amount of repair work they now do.

The deductions from the above statement are that it costs the government over \$18,197,120 per year to do \$4,157,266 worth of repair work. While those in charge in Washington give to the private contractors over \$48,908,000 worth of new construction work in the year 1901 and are now contemplating the appropriation of \$25,000,000 more, all of which should be constructed in the government navy yards.

Every private yard in the country is congested with work. Every one of them are from twenty months to three years behind in their government contracts because they have more work than they can attend to, while it is contemplated reducing the forces now working at the navy yards for lack of work.

The Mare Island navy yard, for instance, built the Monadnock for 25 per cent less than a private firm built the sister ship, the Monterey.

On the repairing of the army transport Logan the same yard underbid the contractors 35 per cent, showing in both instances that the navy yard can build and repair the ships cheaper than the government can have the same work done by the private contractor.

What it costs \$18,197,120 annually to do \$4,157,266 worth of repairs to government vessels in the navy yards will make the country ask: "Who is responsible for this wanton waste of the public money?"

### THE AMERICAN GIRL.

All admirers of bright comedy-drama will learn with delight that the splendid play, The American Girl, will be at Music hall Wednesday evening, April 30. The American Girl is a play that is exceptional in all that makes comedy-drama, scorable and libelable in exciting incidents and intensely sustained interest, brilliant and varied scene pictures, character drawing on broad and human lines, scenes stirring climax and able, spirited and uncommonly illusive acting, and with a vein of comedy pervading throughout the entire piece. The plot is elaborate, but clear, swiftly moving and logical. The interest is eagerly enlisted and steadily maintained, and altogether the play is one of the most powerful, original and fascinating dramas of recent setting.

### For Over Sixty Years

MR. WINSLOW'S FORTIFYING SYRUP has been a food for children testing. It soothes the child soft as the gums, always all pale, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhea, twenty five cents a bottle.

### Tragic Accidents.

An Italian countess, entering her chamber one evening, with a stout attache bonnet pin in her hand, stumbled over a pet dog and fell prostrate upon the floor, the perilous pin piercing her heart and causing instant death. The heartbroken count, suspecting a jealous one of the supposed murder, shot him dead on the street next day. The following night the brother of the murdered man stabbed the count. After this triple tragedy the true cause of the trouble was revealed.

A young bachelor in London, sanguine of participating in the wealth of a certain country uncle, invited his rich relative to spend a week with him in town. During dinner one evening the nephew—quite unaware of the perilous character of the combination—passed Chartraine wine and brandy to his uncle, who partook freely of both, thus producing a peculiarly potent poison, which caused his death. The nephew's deep concern turned to dismay when he learned later that the absence of any will shattered his hopes of fortune, and his chagrin prompted him to prematurely end his existence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Practical Side of It.  
Uncle Hiram—So you study Latin an Greek at college, dew ye?  
Nephew—Yes, sir. Don't you approve of those studies?

Uncle Hiram—Well, the Latin might come in handy if you ever work in a drugstore, but I don't see what the Greek is good for.—San Francisco Examiner.

### AVERTED A MASSACRE.

Effect of a Four Inch Hose and a Stream of Icey Water.

"I see by the papers," said a farmer resident of the west, "that the French police quelled a mob the other day by turning the hose on them. I saw the same thing tried under very dramatic circumstances out in Denver in the early eighties. There was a strong feeling against the Chinese all through the west at the time, growing out of Denis Kearney's 'sand lot' campaign in Frisco, and it needed next to nothing to start a demonstration. One day a few Denver hoodlums set the ball rolling by wrecking a laundry, and in less than an hour a full grown riot was in progress. The mob swept down upon the Chinese section like a prairie fire, and a horrible massacre was apparently inevitable, when proceedings were momentarily checked by an extraordinary incident.

"It seemed that a gambler named Tim Moon had dropped in at one of the laundries for his weekly supply of boiled shirts, and the Chinaman had some difficulty in finding the right bundle. While he was searching his shelves the vanguard of rioters suddenly appeared and were about to raze the frail little shanty to the ground, when Moon leaped out of the front door with a cocked revolver in each hand. 'Hold on, boys!' he yelled. 'You've got to wait until I get my shirts!'

"There were at least 4,000 people in the mob, but Moon was a noted desperado, and nobody dared make the first move. The dense throng stopped in almost a straight line, like a river checked by an invisible barrier. 'Tell him to hurry, Jim!' somebody shouted from the crowd.

"'Make haste, John,' called Moon through the door. 'These gentlemen want to hang you.'

"The rally raised a laugh, and for a moment there was a gust of rough badinage, but it was evident that the crisis could not be prolonged many seconds more. And that brings me to the water episode, from which I have slightly wandered.

"While Moon was holding the crowd at bay," continued the story teller, "a company of militia had been rushed to the scene, but hesitated to fire. You see, public sentiment was so generally with the rioters that nobody cared to take the responsibility of ordering a volley. Just then Captain Dave Cook, who was at the time chief of the Rocky mountain police, came galloping up on horseback, leading the way for a steam fire engine, and before anybody realized his purpose a four inch stream of icy water was turned on the thick of the throng.

"The effect was simply miraculous. It was a very cold day, and the horde of infuriated westerners, who would surely have stood their ground against a fusillade of rifles, simply turned tail and ran. In their frantic efforts to get out of the way of the water, scores of people were knocked down and trampled on. It was a complete rout, and in two minutes the street was as empty as a drum. What is more, the thing prevented any reassembling at other points, for the fellows who had been chased by the hose were so embarrassed at the absurd figure they cut, that they immediately sneaked off home, and by the time they secured dry clothes had lost all interest in the Chinese question. Thus a riot was turned into a good joke, and for a long time afterward the happy expedient that Cook's water cure," warranted to relieve any case of municipal congestion.

"Jim Moon, by the way, met with a tragic death a little later on. He was shot and killed by Clay Wilson, a sporting man, who hailed originally from New Orleans. When the Denver papers printed the story, they displayed some characteristic frontier humor in their headlines, 'Blood on the Moon' and 'A Lunar Eclipse' were two I recall."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

### A Dish He Didn't Want.

Mellbac, the famous French composer, was a man of simple taste and very absentminded. Once in a restaurant he was abstractedly pointed to a dish on the bill of fare that the waiter handed to him. It happened to be the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was commotion there.

The proprietor hurriedly arrived, and he and the chief cook devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient and another for another. Meantime M. Mellbac waited, absorbed.

At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited on the table, Mellbac looked at it with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked.  
"Certainly, monsieur!"  
"Do you like it?"  
"But—but yes, monsieur!"  
"Then take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Mellbac, "and bring me two fried eggs!"

The order was carried out, and the proprietor wondered if he had a madman to deal with.—Youth's Companion.

Good Men.  
Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society, and actually or ideally we manage to live with superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language. Their works and edifices are in our houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls an anecdote of them.—Emerson.

## LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

### CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres. John T. Mallon;  
Vice Pres. James Lyons;  
Rec. Sec. Francis Quinn.  
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.  
Meets at A. O. H. hall, fourth Sunday of each month.

### FEDERAL UNION.

Pres. Gordon Preble;  
Sec. E. W. Clark.  
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

### TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.

Pres. William B. Randall;  
Vice Pres. Harrison O. Holt;  
Rec. Sec. Miss Z. Gertrude Young;  
Sec. Treas. Arthur G. Brewster;  
Serg. at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.  
Meets in Peirce hall, second Saturday of each month.

### PAINTERS.

Pres. Charles L. Hoyt;  
Sec. Edward H. Marden.  
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

### COOPER'S UNION.

Pres. Stanton Truman;  
Sec. John Molloy.  
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

### MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.

Pres. John Harrington;  
Sec. William Dunn.  
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

### HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres. E. P. Gidney;  
Sec. M. J. Miller.  
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

### GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres. William Harrison;  
Sec. Walter Staples.  
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres. John Gorman;  
Sec. James D. Brooks.  
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### BARBERS.

Pres. John Long;  
Sec. Frank Ham.  
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

### GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres. John T. Mallon;  
Sec. James McNaughton.  
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

### CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres. Frank Dennett;  
Rec. Sec. John Parsons.  
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

### LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres. Jere. Couhig;  
Sec. Michael Leyden.  
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### BOTTLERS.

Pres. Dennis E. Drislane;  
Sec. Eugene Sullivan.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

### BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres. Albert Adams;  
Rec. Sec. Richard P. Fullam;  
Fin. Sec. John Connell.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

### BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

Pres. Charles E. Whitehouse;  
Sec. James E. Chickering.  
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

## W. E. Paul RANGES —AND— PARLOR STOVES KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as: Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wingers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c counters.

Please consider that in this life will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts.

39 to 45 Market Street

## PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. D.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High st. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Robert M. Herrick, P. C.; Allison L







**TRUSSES**

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of  
**Shoulder Braces**  
**Supporters**  
AND  
**Suspensories**  
Always on hand.

**PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY**

**SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER**



now, and we have the finest stock of Landscaping wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

**J. H. Gardiner**  
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

**Gray & Prime**

DELIVER

**COAL**

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

**C. E. BOYNTON**

BOTTLED OF ALL KINDS OF

**Summer Drinks,**

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

**ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED**

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and to a satisfactory measure.

**C. E. Boynton**  
16 Bow Street Portsmouth

**GEORGE A. TRAFTON,**  
**BLACKSMITH**

Horse Shoeing in all its branches. Particular attention given to interfering and over-reaching horses.

Ship Work, Carriage and Tool Work of all kinds promptly attended to.

Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.

**NO. 118 MARKET ST**

**THE HERALD.**

MINIATURE ALMANAC,  
APRIL 25.

SUN RISES.....4:40 MOON RISES.....9:26 P. M.  
SUN SETS.....7:58 FULL SEA.....10:45 A. M.  
LENGTH OF DAY.....13:17

Last Quarter, April 20th, 5h. 58m., evening E.  
New Moon, May 1st, 5h. 46m., evening W.  
First Quarter, May 14th, 8h. 40m., morning E.  
Full Moon, May 25th, 5h. 46m., morning W.

**WEATHER INDICATIONS.**

Washington, April 24.—Forecast for New England: Fair Friday and Saturday; rising temperature over northern portions Friday; light, variable winds.

**MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.**

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

**FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1902.**

**CITY BRIEFS.**

Almost time for the gypsies. The baby carriage season is here. Next week will be quite lively social. The oyster will soon be a back number. Apple trees are giving signs of blossoming. The country roads are now about all quite passable. The unlicensed canine will soon begin to catch it. Fires in this city don't seem to have much success in spreading. Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street. That street sprinkler problem is getting to be a mighty tough one. Zephra will be produced at Haverhill, Mass., after its final production in Portsmouth. The streets about town have been very dusty today and they will be no less so tomorrow. The Dartmouth college boys left this morning for Boston where they are booked this evening. Fifty or more Dartmouth students, members of the Glee club, visited the navy yard on Thursday. The May ball of Gen. Gilman Marston command, U. S. V. U., is certain to be an unqualified success. The checker championship of the state will be decided by a contest in Manchester this Friday evening. The police were called to the ferry landing on Thursday afternoon to quell a drunken soldier who was exceedingly boisterous. Strawberry Bank Grange discussed "The Atlantic and Rural Over City Life" at its meeting on Thursday evening and the debate was very interesting. Music lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Piano, R. L. Rednewald, Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

Scrofula, skin rheum, erysipelas and other distressing diseases yield quickly and permanently to the cleansing, purifying power of Burdock Blood Bitters. The United States civil service commission announces that on June 3 an examination will be held in Concord for the position of matron in the Indian service. The ambulance was called out this Friday morning to remove a sick man from Marston's island to the depot where he was placed aboard the cars for Brentwood. The work train has been busy on the York and of the York Harbor and Beach railroad during the past week and getting the road in readiness for the regular train service which will begin Monday. President Tucker of Dartmouth college and family are to spend the summer at York Harbor. Mrs. Tucker is a sister of Dr. Wheeler of Worcester who owns the Barrell mansion. The family will occupy rooms in Edward Hamilton's house. Since J. A. & A. W. Walker have dropped their prices on coal, some twenty teams have been in constant use at their place. They use only the best quality of Lehigh for burning in heat-cases, and loading for range purposes. The present price is \$5.50 delivered at the house. An operation was performed upon Miss Ethel Marshall at Dr. Potter's office in Portsmouth Monday, for the removal of a growth in the head. The operation was highly successful, and Miss Marshall's breathing has been restored. Her many friends are confident that her complete recovery will follow speedily.—Concord Transcript.

The New England Telephone company is stringing a large insulated cable, containing all the company's smaller wires, from a York Village to York Harbor. This is a means of protecting the telephone wires from accidents likely to be incurred from contact with the trolley wires. The company will also put in another trunk line from York Village to Portsmouth to be ready for this season, and several new pay stations will be introduced.

**AN UNLUCKY CRAFT.**

The fishing schooner Charles W. Parker appears to be an unlucky craft. This is the schooner that sank off Pheasant Point during a blinding snow storm last month. The vessel was raised and taken to Boston where she has been thoroughly repaired. On Thursday a new crew was shipped and the vessel was on her first trip down the harbor when she collided with the steamer Hecar Winter. The Parker was badly damaged and it will take some time to complete repairs.

**A NEW CITY AUDITOR.**

**John Laighton Succeeds Samuel R. Gardner.**

**Board Of Mayor And Aldermen In Special Session.**

**Street Commissioner Must Put The Sprinklers In The Attic.**

Several members of the board of aldermen having engagements for Thursday evening next, the regular meeting night, a special meeting was held on Thursday evening, with all present excepting Ald. A. H. Adams. The city clerk read the records of the previous meeting, which were approved. The first business of importance was the petition for abatement of taxes, amounting to \$169.85, on the property Number 9 Sheate street, owned by Maria Amazeen. Ald. Adams explained that the owner was a poor but worthy resident who was unable to pay the back taxes and wanted to transfer the property of her son, who in the future would see that all bills were paid. He advocated that the petition be granted. Ald. Locke said the board had no assurance that the property would not be sold the day after the taxes were placed as had been done before and made motion that the petition be referred to committee on city lands and buildings. Carried.

Henry B. Brown of Hampton was granted permission to move the heavy machinery of the Rockingham Light and Power company through the streets by means of rollers. Granted. The report of John W. Hayes for an asphalt sidewalk in front of his residence on Middle road was referred to the committee on streets to report. R. J. Kilpatrick was granted permission to number Wildcat street for building purposes, and also to enter sewer.

George Parks was given permission to encumber New Castle avenue for building purposes. The petition of Seminole Black for a license to sell old junk was tabled on motion of Ald. Bailey, who thought the body should grant a sufficient number of these requests. A petition was read from a long list of property owners in the vicinity of the Rockingham County Light and Power company praying that the company be made to change their plans so as to construct their chimney to a height of 200 feet instead of 151 feet. Referred to committee on city lands and buildings. The petition of Charles Quinn, A. K. W. Green and others for a 400-foot sewer on Washington street was referred to the committee on sewers to report. The invitation of Storer Post, No. 1, G. A. R. to participate in the Memorial day parade and exercises was accepted. Amos Pearson's renewal of complaint about damages to his property on Broad street was referred to committee on streets to report.

Mayor Parker read the report of the committee on finance, which was accepted. The committee offered the following ordinance, which passed under a suspension of the rules:

**CITY OF PORTSMOUTH.**

In the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two.

An ordinance authorizing a loan for municipal purposes.

Be it ordained by the City Councils of the City of Portsmouth as follows:

Section 1. That for the purpose of funding its floating debt the city of Portsmouth by virtue and in pursuance of chapter 43 of the laws of 1895 entitled "An act to authorize municipal corporations to issue bonds" shall issue bonds to the amount of ninety thousand dollars, each numbered consecutively and bearing the number of the bond to which it belongs.

Section 2. That the mayor and city treasurer shall forthwith procure such bonds to be engraved and printed and shall advertise for proposals for the same at a price not less than par value and may sell the same to the highest bidder. But they shall have the right to reject any or all bids for said bonds not deemed for the best interests of the city and when sold and before they are delivered the seal of the city shall be affixed to them.

Section 3. That the proceeds from the sale of said bonds is hereby appropriated and shall be expended for the payment of the floating indebtedness of the city.

Section 4. This ordinance shall take effect on its passage.

The bond of City Treasurer Edwin B. Prime was then drawn for the amount of \$30,000 was referred to the committee on accounts to scan and report.

The city auditor's report of approved bills to the amount of \$26.10 was received and bills ordered paid. The committee on sewers reported that they had already drawn for the McNabb sewer. No action taken. The bill of Gray and Prime for 24,550 pounds of canal coal, amounting to \$228, was referred to committee on claims the bill not bearing the chief engineer's signature of approval. Mayor Pender appointed John Laighton city auditor and on motion of Ald. E. H. Adams the appointment was

unanimously confirmed. Ald. Adams stated that the petition of Lamont Hilton and others for the placing of Lincoln avenue on a permanent condition had not been attended to. The road was in bad shape and could be remedied at a small cost. Called to attention of chairman of committee on streets. Alderman Locke introduced the following resolution, which passed.

Resolved.—First, that the board of aldermen will not grant or relay sidewalks abutting private property unless owners of same property present a written legal agreement to pay the city treasurer within six months after work is completed, one-half the cost of said sidewalk. Second, that the board of aldermen will grant no new sewers until they know, by agreement on file, how many abutters will sign a legal agreement to enter designated sewer within one year after completion and agree to pay into the city treasury the customary or legal fee of three-fourths of one per cent on assessed valuation of their property within six months after entering said sewer. Third, that permission to enter any sewer or tear up streets to enter a sewer shall be granted only when petitioners present a written agreement to pay into the city treasury the customary or legal fee of three-fourths of one per cent of assessed valuation of their property within six months after entering sewer. Fourth, that petitions in reference to the foregoing now before this board be returned to the petitioners with revision in accordance with this resolution.

Ald. Wood introduced the following resolution, which passed without a dissenting vote.

That the street commissioner be authorized to at once discontinue sprinkling the streets.

Ald. Locke inquired where the ordinance had disappeared to which called for a cutting of the salaries of several city officials. Mayor Pender suggested that the ordinance did not exactly cover the ground desired under the present circumstances, but presumed that a new ordinance would be drawn up.

Ald. Adams called attention to the fact that the new compiled ordinances had only been accepted by one branch of the city government. In his opinion both boards should approve them. Referred to a special committee composed of Aldermen Adams, Smith and Knight.

Adjourned for two weeks.

**AN EXCELLENT CONCERT.**

**Dartmouth Musical Clubs Heard In Philbrick Hall.**

**Rendition Of A Choice Program Delights The Audience.**

**Visiting Collegians Entertained Afterward With An Informal Dance.**

The usual enthusiastic crowd greeted the Dartmouth Musical clubs, on Thursday evening, on the occasion of their annual concert in this city, for the benefit of the senior class of the Portsmouth High school. The non-appearance of Ira Newick occasioned some disappointment, as the fact that his name appeared in the program led many to believe that he would sing in his home city, but he is now in Massachusetts with the varsity nine and was unable to make connections. The entertainment was superior to any which the Dartmouth boys have given us in recent years. Both the glee and Mandolin clubs performed excellently, and the numbers of the program were well selected. The rendition of Danvers's "Danny Deever" by Mr. Furber, aided by the entire glee club chorus, was especially good, and the imitations of negro and New England dialects by Mr. Howes, in his repertoire of comic song, gained generous applause. Two other notable features were a Serenade by Ballard and Baschett, sung by a quartette composed of Messrs. Burbeck, Hill, Howes and Furber, and the instrumental selection, A. Frangosa, played by the mandolin club.

The program in full, and the names of the members of the clubs follow:

**PART FIRST.**

Opening Chorus, Marching Song. The Musical Club. Trotter Valse Bleue. Margis The Mandolin Club. Von Wilne The Jolly Musician. The Glee Club. Selection from Cap of Fortune. Hall The Mandolin Club. Mr. Howes The Tale of A Bumble Bee. from King Dodo. Luders The Mandolin Club. Quartette, Serenade. Bullard, Beschneit Messrs. Burbeck, Hill, Howes, Furber

**PART SECOND.**

Gipsy John. Clay-Geibel The Glee Club. Mandolin Quintet, The Darkies' Cradle Song. Wheeler By Selected Members. Danny Deever. Danvers Mr. Furber and Club. Eleazar Wheelock. Richard Hovey The Glee Club. English Yachting Song. Culberson The Glee Club. A Frangosa. Costa The Mandolin Club. Segur Dartmouth Song. The Glee Club.

Members of the Glee club.—First tenor, H. G. Parker '02, H. P. Stone '02, E. K. Burbeck '03, A. K. Skinner '03, J. H. Nolan '04, E. R. Musgrove '05; second tenor, J. R. Ward, P. G. L. R. Hill '02, B. Benner '04, R. B. Moseley '04, D. L. Jackson '04; first bass, A. P. Mackinnon '02, C. G. Howes '03, M. W. Bullock '04, H. G. Dennison '05, W. S. Dillon '05, H. M. Hobart '05; second bass, G. L. Dow '02, P. Fox '02, C. H. Furber '03, I. A. Newick '05, J. W. Knibbs, Jr. '05.

Members of the Mandolin club.—First mandolin, H. A. Haugan '02, H. K. Peirce '04, G. C. Agry '05; second mandolin, A. J. Irvin '02, C. J. Stevens '05, R. T. Tolman '05; guitar, J. P. T. Eckstorm, P. G. A. H. Merrill '02, R. F. Estabrook '02, G. W. Patterson '05; violin, W. L. Stevens '03; cello, W. T. Blatner '05.

Officers of the clubs.—William B. Beebe, treasurer, manager of the musical clubs; Lawrence Richardson Hill, leader of the Glee club; Henry Alexander Haugan, leader of the Mandolin club.

The dance which followed the concert, was, as a matter of course, one of the notable social events of the season. The ladies from Hanover entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and their hosts did all in their power to give the visitors an enjoyable time. The affair was in charge of J. Arthur Farrington, president of the class of 1902, and he acquitted himself in a most creditable manner. Music was furnished by the naval orchestra.

**OBITUARY.**

**Loren Harrison.**

The death of Loren Harrison occurred at the Cottage hospital this Friday morning at five o'clock after a brief illness. Deceased was twenty years of age and leaves a mother and one brother. Prayers will be held at the residence of John Scerby on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock and the body will be taken to Nova Scotia on Sunday evening.

**BENFIELD—PERKINS.**

The marriage of A. O. Benfield of this city and Miss Ida M. Perkins of Meredith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Perkins, took place at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday. Rev. George Eastman, pastor of the Free Will Baptist church, officiated. The couple will reside in this city.

**WATT—SAWYER.**

Miss Anna K. Sawyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sawyer of Rye Beach and Joseph Watt, a popular member of the Cable staff, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday afternoon. After a short wedding trip the young couple will return and reside at Rye Beach.

**TRUSTEES ORGANIZE.**

The board of trustees of the Y. M. C. A. has organized as follows: Chairman, Edward P. Kimball; vice-chairman, Henry A. Yonson; treasurer, Lewis E. Stagner; secretary to the board, William F. Hoehn.

**TALK OF CELEBRATING.**

People in Elliot are talking of holding a big celebration July Fourth in honor of the opening up of the new electric road from Kittery to Greenacre which will probably be in operation by that time.

**AN EXCELLENT CONCERT.**

**Dartmouth Musical Clubs Heard In Philbrick Hall.**

**Rendition Of A Choice Program Delights The Audience.**

**Visiting Collegians Entertained Afterward With An Informal Dance.**

The usual enthusiastic crowd greeted the Dartmouth Musical clubs, on Thursday evening, on the occasion of their annual concert in this city, for the benefit of the senior class of the Portsmouth High school. The non-appearance of Ira Newick occasioned some disappointment, as the fact that his name appeared in the program led many to believe that he would sing in his home city, but he is now in Massachusetts with the varsity nine and was unable to make connections. The entertainment was superior to any which the Dartmouth boys have given us in recent years. Both the glee and Mandolin clubs performed excellently, and the numbers of the program were well selected. The rendition of Danvers's "Danny Deever" by Mr. Furber, aided by the entire glee club chorus, was especially good, and the imitations of negro and New England dialects by Mr. Howes, in his repertoire of comic song, gained generous applause. Two other notable features were a Serenade by Ballard and Baschett, sung by a quartette composed of Messrs. Burbeck, Hill, Howes and Furber, and the instrumental selection, A. Frangosa, played by the mandolin club.

The program in full, and the names of the members of the clubs follow:

**PART FIRST.**

Opening Chorus, Marching Song. The Musical Club. Trotter Valse Bleue. Margis The Mandolin Club. Von Wilne The Jolly Musician. The Glee Club. Selection from Cap of Fortune. Hall The Mandolin Club. Mr. Howes The Tale of A Bumble Bee. from King Dodo. Luders The Mandolin Club. Quartette, Serenade. Bullard, Beschneit Messrs. Burbeck, Hill, Howes, Furber

**PART SECOND.**

Gipsy John. Clay-Geibel The Glee Club. Mandolin Quintet, The Darkies' Cradle Song. Wheeler By Selected Members. Danny Deever. Danvers Mr. Furber and Club. Eleazar Wheelock. Richard Hovey The Glee Club. English Yachting Song. Culberson The Glee Club. A Frangosa. Costa The Mandolin Club. Segur Dartmouth Song. The Glee Club.

Members of the Glee club.—First tenor, H. G. Parker '02, H. P. Stone '02, E. K. Burbeck '03, A. K. Skinner '03, J. H. Nolan '04, E. R. Musgrove '05; second tenor, J. R. Ward, P. G. L. R. Hill '02, B. Benner '04, R. B. Moseley '04, D. L. Jackson '04; first bass, A. P. Mackinnon '02, C. G. Howes '03, M. W. Bullock '04, H. G. Dennison '05, W. S. Dillon '05, H. M. Hobart '05; second bass, G. L. Dow '02, P. Fox '02, C. H. Furber '03, I. A. Newick '05, J. W. Knibbs, Jr. '05.

Members of the Mandolin club.—First mandolin, H. A. Haugan '02, H. K. Peirce '04, G. C. Agry '05; second mandolin, A. J. Irvin '02, C. J. Stevens '05, R. T. Tolman '05; guitar, J. P. T. Eckstorm, P. G. A. H. Merrill '02, R. F. Estabrook '02, G. W. Patterson '05; violin, W. L. Stevens '03; cello, W. T. Blatner '05.

Officers of the clubs.—William B. Beebe, treasurer, manager of the musical clubs; Lawrence Richardson Hill, leader of the Glee club; Henry Alexander Haugan, leader of the Mandolin club.

The dance which followed the concert, was, as a matter of course, one of the notable social events of the season. The ladies from Hanover entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and their hosts did all in their power to give the visitors an enjoyable time. The affair was in charge of J. Arthur Farrington, president of the class of 1902, and he acquitted himself in a most creditable manner. Music was furnished by the naval orchestra.

**OBITUARY.**

**Loren Harrison.**

The death of Loren Harrison occurred at the Cottage hospital this Friday morning at five o'clock after a brief illness. Deceased was twenty years of age and leaves a mother and one brother. Prayers will be held at the residence of John Scerby on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock and the body will be taken to Nova Scotia on Sunday evening.

**BENFIELD—PERKINS.**

The marriage of A. O. Benfield of this city and Miss Ida M. Perkins of Meredith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Perkins, took place at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday. Rev. George Eastman, pastor of the Free Will Baptist church, officiated. The couple will reside in this city.

**WATT—SAWYER.**

Miss Anna K. Sawyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sawyer of Rye Beach and Joseph Watt, a popular member of the Cable staff, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday afternoon. After a short wedding trip the young couple will return and reside at Rye Beach.

**TRUSTEES ORGANIZE.**

The board of trustees of the Y. M. C. A. has organized as follows: Chairman, Edward P. Kimball; vice-chairman, Henry A. Yonson; treasurer, Lewis E. Stagner; secretary to the board, William F. Hoehn.

**TALK OF CELEBRATING.**

People in Elliot are talking of holding a big celebration July Fourth in honor of the opening up of the new electric road from Kittery to Greenacre which will probably be in operation by that time.

**PERSONALS.**

Ralph Green of Boston is in town this week.

Albert E. Rand was a visitor in Dover on Thursday.

William R. Brooks of Epping was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. Edwin F. Rowe of Lincoln avenue is visiting her former home in Raymond.

E. C. Whidden of Dover attended the concert and dance at Philbrick hall on Thursday evening.

John C. Tobey, Jr., was in Dover on Thursday in the interests of the Rockingham Light and Power company.

Mrs. William O. Junkins of State street is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred Parker Hitchings, in Brookline, Mass.

Baury deB. Bradford of A. Hampshire college, attended the High school dance in Philbrick hall on Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. B. Morgan, wife of Supt. Morgan of the White Mountain Paper company, is domiciled at the Rockingham with her daughter Gladys.

Fred Gardner, clerk at the office of the Portsmouth Brewing company, has been suffering for a number of days with quite a serious ailment of the eyes.

Mrs. J. C. Morgan, wife of General Manager Morgan of the White Mountain Paper company, is domiciled at the Rockingham with her daughter Gladys.

**PROBATE COURT.**

The following business was transacted in the probate court of Rockingham county during the week ending April 23:

Administration granted in estates of Nathan R. Bodwell, Salem, Warren E. Bodwell administrator; Almene C. Brackett, Newmarket; Joseph E. Brackett administrator; Harriett James, Deerfield; Arthur M. Chase, administrator; Jacob Sheate, Portsmouth; Daniel W. Waldron, administrator, with will annexed.

Wills proved.—Of Lorenzo Tasker, Northwood; William Tasker, executor; Helen A. F. Cochrane, Chester; Helen F. Soule, executrix; Matthew J. Harvey, Epping; Matthew Hervey, executor; Hannah B. Veasey, Brentwood; Abner M. B. Sanborn, executrix; Addison Churchill, Hyde Park, Mass., no executor; Abram F. Brown, Fremont, executor.

Wills filed.—Of Ruth L. Kelley, Salem; Ann L. Pender, Northwood; Elizabeth A. Odell, Greenland; Harriett M. Morse, Chester; Horace Anderson, Chester.

Inventory returned.—In estates of Laura F. Wood, Danville; Addie S. Hobbs, North Hampton; Mary C. Brown, North Hampton; Benjamin F. Norton, Newmarket; Louis Lesvesque, Epping; Harriett W. Fernald, Atkinson; Elizabeth Wysocki, Derry.

Accounts rendered.—In estates of George W. Smith, Hampton Falls; Louisa M. Blake, Epping; Josiah J. Knowles, North Hampton.

Accounts filed in estate of Abigail L. Page, Atkinson.

Receipts filed.—In estates of Josie M. Drake et al., North Hampton; Oliver Brown, North Hampton; George W. Smith, Hampton Falls; Louisa M. Blake, Epping; Jonathan C. Smith, Seabrook.

Agent appointed.—Arthur H. Ruggles in estate of Ellis Boardman, Haverhill, Mass.; Henry F. Hollis in estate of Helen A. F. Cochrane.

Licenses granted.—In estate of personal property in estate of Amos Mosher, Danville. To sell stocks and bonds in estate of Mary J. Fellows, Hamstead; to sell real personal property in estates of Jennie C. Drake et al., Rye; Louisa S. Nichols, Plaistow; Rebecca Killian, Portsmouth.

Guardian appointed.—Abner Kimpton over Rose L. Langley, Northwood; Mary F. Anderson over Edwin H. Anderson, Chester; George H. Tarlton over Helen M. Goodwin, Newfields; Ella M. Greeley over Jacob Greeley, Exeter.

Commissioner's report accepted in estate of Everett W. Kimball, Sandown.

**WENT TO CONCORD.**

A company of fifty marines and a squad of a dozen sailors accompanied Admiral Reed and his staff to Concord this morning where they will participate in the exercises at the unveiling of the Commodore Perkins statue. The naval contingent occupied two special cars on the 8:30 train.

**WILL VISIT EXETER.**

The Exeter Sportsmen's club has completed arrangements for an all-day shoot upon Memorial day, which the clubs from Portsmouth, Dover, Concord and Haverhill will be especially invited to attend. There will be twelve events, eight of which will be prize events for a purse of \$15 in gold. A team shoot

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly harmless; positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma.

**ICE CREAM WITHOUT WORK.**

**XX CENTURY FREEZER**

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

**Rider & Cotton's,**

65 MARKET STREET.

**UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER**

**EVERY LETTER IN SIGHT.**

Principle New Writing Visible Speed Increased Tissue Elastic Automatic Conventions Actual Advantages

Examine the

**UNDERWOOD**

At the Herald Office

**LOW PRICES**

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the last Clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

**HAUGH,**

**LADIES AND GENTS TAILOR**

20 High Street.

**Old Furniture Made New.**

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little. Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

**R. H. HALL**

Hanover Street, Near Market.

**COAL AND WOOD**

**C. E. WALKER & CO.,**


Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Coal and Wood**

Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

**THE**



**UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER**

**EVERY LETTER IN SIGHT.**

Principle New Writing Visible Speed Increased Tissue Elastic Automatic Conventions Actual Advantages

Examine the

**UNDERWOOD**

At the Herald Office

**LOW PRICES**

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the last Clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

**HAUGH,**

**LADIES AND GENTS TAILOR**

20 High Street.

**Old Furniture Made New.**

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little. Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

**R. H. HALL**

Hanover Street, Near Market.

**COAL AND WOOD**

**C. E. WALKER & CO.,**

Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Coal and Wood**

Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

**ICE CREAM WITHOUT WORK.**

**XX CENTURY FREEZER**

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

**Rider & Cotton's,**

65 MARKET STREET.

**UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER**

**EVERY LETTER IN SIGHT.**

Principle New Writing Visible Speed Increased Tissue Elastic Automatic Conventions Actual Advantages

Examine the

**UNDERWOOD**

At the Herald Office

**LOW PRICES**

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the last Clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.